CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

All rights reserved. The contents of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1911.

COVER DESIGN by HERTZBERG

The Mating C	Cy Warman	*Reverse Frontispiece*
Fairweather Wrecks Illustrated with Photographs	Herbert N. Clark	402
With Aviator No. 6. A Novel	H. M. Egbert	410
Flight. Verse	John Duncan Howe	421
The Reawakened Church Illustrated with Photographs	Shailer Mathews	422
The Long Road. Verse	Sara Hamilton Birchall	428
Spinal Maginnis. A Story Drawings by A. W. Grann	John Patrick Mackenzie	429
Home-Coming. Verse	John Duncan Howe	447
What Whitman Learned from the East	Elsa Barker	438
Evening. Verse	Francis Moule	443
The Scarlet Strand. A Story Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson	Edward B. Waterworth	444
Doubling the Yields in Ontario Illustrated with Photographs	M. J. Patton	450
A Song of Steel. Verse	William J. Shanks	456
Jean Baptiste's Grand Woman Drawings by Paul L. Anderson	Mae Harris Anson	457
It Gets Late Early. Verse	W. D. Nesbit	462
The Pedlar's Pack	"Kit"	463
The Burning Leaves. Verse	W. D. Nesbit	468
The Meteor's Honor Illustrated by John Drew	Victor Lauriston	469
The Right Angle	The Editor	476
Chestnuts and Cheese		480

Issued monthly. Price in Canada and Great Britain, $1.50 a year, 15 cents a copy; in the United States, $2.00 a year, 20 cents a copy.

Published by the VANDERHOOF-GUNN COMPANY, LTD., Silvester-Wilson Building Winnipeg, Manitoba.

London 382 Clarence St | Toronto 162 Bay Street. | New York City 156 Fifth Ave. | Chicago 1502 Marquette Building

Entered in the Post Office at London, Ont., as second-class matter.

STANLEY

EXTRA DRY
GINGER ALE
AND
MINERAL WATER

without exception the best there is.

IF YOU WOULD BE HEALTHY DRINK

STANLEY. For Sale Everywhere.

MANUFACTURERS

of

FINEST JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

BIRKS AND QUALITY

MOST ARTISTIC DESIGNS—BEST QUALITY THAT MONEY CAN BUY

Send for copy of illustrated catalogue now in preparation

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED, WINNIPEG

THE MATING CALL

BY CY WARMAN

Listen, love; I am calling.

'Tis I—I, the wild rose by the canon's rim, reaching upward for the rain.

I, the burning sun, sweeping down the western slope to cool me in the sea.

Now I am the sea, the tossing, turbulent sea, lifting landward to lay my white face upon the quiet shore.

I am the mystery in a maiden's heart, the vague longing, the desire for motherhood, the ache in a mother's breast when her babe hungers.

I am the caravan crawling the desert; you the ever-receding, always-inviting oasis, beckoning me on.

I am the panting hart; you the water-brook.

I am the wild bull calling in the twilight for his moose-mate, and I am calling to you.

Do you hear?

VOL·X
NO·VI

CANADA

"GAFFER" HAS RUN HIS BACCY AND BRANDY INLAND IN HIS DAY, AND EVEN NOW SHAKES HIS HEAD OVER THE TRIM CRAFT THAT, ADVENTURERS NO MORE, CARRY NOTHING MORE CONTRABAND THAN PILCHARDS, AND SAIL CLEAR-CONSCIENCED, BEFORE THE REVENUE-MEN

Fairweather Wrecks

by

Herbert N. Clark

With Photography by the author

WHEN your ticket reads "To the Land's End," you may well experience a feeling of curiosity, an anticipation of scenes so varied and different as to verge on the romantic. Nor will you be disappointed. The towering crags of the Cornish coast are washed by a sea as blue as the Mediterranean, and ragged rock-strewn hills blaze with the color of wild flowers. Gardens of perfumed narcissi trespass on mines that bartered tin with Phœnicians from Tyre and Sidon, years before Christ; and shrubs and flowers have a southern intensity of hue, for the Gulf Stream breaks upon these shores, and by the magic of its circling waters summer is bereft of heat and winter of cold.

MONTHLY LONDON OCTOBER 1911

CORNISHMEN OVER THEIR NET-MENDING WEAVE STRANGE TALES OF WRECKED GALLEONS AND WITCHES, AND THE DAYS WHEN CORNWALL AND BRITTANY SPOKE THE SAME TONGUE. THE BRETON INFLUENCE IS STILL STRONG—NOTICE THE ONION-SELLER'S WOODEN SABOTS

Perhaps it is the mild climate which has endowed the Celtic Cornishmen with the rich fancy of the south so that they weave strange tales of weird romance, stories of wrecked galleons and of witches, and of the lost land of Lyonesse that once linked Cornwall with Brittany, when Cornwall and Brittany spoke the same tongue. Are these stories mere romance? You see villagers of swarthy Spanish blood. You may see a witch, when you will. From the waters which hide the land of Lyonesse beach trees have been taken with the nuts still clinging to the branches. And before you passes the figure of some Breton sailorman in sabots, selling onions. The Cornish language is "dead"—but his Breton French is understood by all Cornishmen.

From the sheltering doors of the "First and Last" inn at Sennen, the uttermost village in Great Britain, you stroll to the "First and Last" Church, noteworthy for nought but its geographical situation. This accident of geography has made of Sennen a "show place," but the tide of tourists has produced no servility of spirit in the Cornishman. Independence of the "foreigner" is the keynote of the duchy.

Neither is there any undue modesty

in the Cornish character. Chance gossiping with the villagers introduced us to a Mr. Penberthy:

"I have some West Country relatives named Penberthy," explained my companion. "Perhaps they are related to you?"

"Be they good-looking?" he asked.

"Why, yes," was the reply.

"Then maybe they are!"

'Tis but a step to Sennen Cove, ill-famed in days of old by reason of the pirates and wreckers whose haunt it was. In no other place on the coast did these desperate characters gather in such numbers. Even the sunshine of a summer's afternoon fails to dispel its haunting traditions. If you doubt it, listen to the legend of the "Pirate of Tregaseal".

"Once long ago," says the chronicler, "the fishermen of Sennen Cove watched a pirate ship sail into the bay. A boat put forth and landed a man manacled and pinioned. Two men removed his shackles on the beach, and despite his struggles to regain the boat they rowed away and left him. The marooned stranger settled down and became a murderous wrecker, who not only lured ships ashore and plundered the drowning sailors, but hacked off their hands with a hatchet, as they strove to climb the surf-swept rocks. The natives loathed his black deeds and watched age creeping upon him, longing for the time when he should be no more.

It came with the ripening of the barley. Two men working in a field below the pirate's house heard the words, 'The time is come, but the man isn't come'. Seawards they saw a black square-rigged ship with sails set, coming in against wind and tide, and no man could be seen on the deck. Though the sun shone brilliantly, the shadow of a heavy cloud hung over the ship and over the pirate's home. The dying wrecker implored the parson: 'Put out the sailors with the bloody hands! Put them out!'

"A blaze of lightning and a fearful crash of thunder drove all from the house, and alone the wrecker faced his fate. The cloud spun round over his home, then with the speed of a whirlwind passed to the ship, which vanished amid flashes of lightning. The coffin was carried to the churchyard, but it was too light to have contained the body. A black pig joined the company, none knew where, and disappeared, none knew when, and a flash of lightning set fire to the coffin, till naught was left but scattered cinders."

A peaceful "brownie" now makes its home in Sennen Cove, but lest you forget the pirates, Whitsand Bay is peopled by the red-headed descendants of Danish marauders wrecked on these shores in days long past.

IN THE "RUE DES BEAUX ARTS" AT NEWLYN, PAINTERS WITH BRUSH AND PALETTE IMMORTALIZE PICTURESQUE BITS OF STREET AND QUAY, AND THE EVENING EXODUS OF A HUNDRED BOATS

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT LOOMS UP MAJESTICALLY ABOVE ITS TIDE-POOLS, A ROCK OF A THOUSAND LEGENDS. HERE DWELT KING GRAUL WHEN HIS KINGDOM OF LYONESSE WAS SWALLOWED BY THE SEA

In late afternoon you reach the Cornish Pedn-an-Lanz—the End of the Earth. The daily visitors have departed, and for company you have the mighty cliffs and piled boulders, coated with grey lichens. There are headlands steeper and more bold than these, but none possess the fascination of the Land's End. The Atlantic surrounds you and the perpetual racing of the tides reveals Nature's handiwork in the making and gives to man's thoughts a broader sweep. You watch the sun as it sinks beyond the ocean, gilding the foaming waves and flushing the warm red rocks till, with the deepening twilight, man's lesser lights begin to flash their rays—guiding vessels outward-bound and home-returning. The afterglow of daylight fades through the fading west and over grassy slopes you retrace your steps as darkness descends upon eternal rocks and infinite sea.

To drink to the full of the beauties of Cornwall, you must leave the high road for a few hours and walk from the Land's End eastward, some seven leisurely miles. Near to the edge of the cliff leads the path and you follow it across the heath to the bold point ahead—Pardenack. From its summit you have an amazing view. The steep cliff, architectural in its symmetry, falls sheer as a wall to the sea below. Great cubes of grey granite, placed one upon the other, as a child places bricks, are fashioned into castellated battlements and turrets, which tower 200 feet above the sea. Buttress and pinnacle are draped with lichens and crevices are filled with pink and white flowers. Beneath an overhanging crag lies an ultramarine sea; and landward lies the flower-decked summit of the grandest cliffs in Cornwall. Carefully, with eyes averted from the deeps below, you climb back and, with a last cautious glance at the grandeur of these mighty rocks, you step out. The white-washed stones that mark the coast-guard path are familiar enough, but fortune rarely sends a coastguard walking in your direction. For a coast-guard is a brother full of information.

"That cove there," said he, pointing to the spot, "is where the 'Khyber' was wrecked. Full rigged ship—homeward bound from Australia. Three men were saved, tossed on to the rocks like corks."

He talked of wrecks and "wrecking."

"But are the stories that one hears about Cornish wreckers true?" I asked.

"True? Why, wrecking was bred in them. If any well-freighted ship was in trouble, the crew didn't have to worry about the cargo. 'Tisn't so many years," he continued, "since the first steamboat went past the Lizard point. Folks down here hadn't heard of steam and over a hundred boats

followed her down the coast because they thought she was on fire!

"Yes, the wrecking spirit was strong, and it died hard. Last year at a wreck down yonder, a very old woman came down to the beach every night and snatched up bits of packing cases and boxes.

"Worthless? Of course! We saw that she didn't get valuables, but it just satisfied her old instinct for wrecking."

We skirted the shores of a beautiful little bay. The rocky beach gave glimpses of graceful headlands, and the sea was exquisitely colored—emerald green where it flowed above sand, purple when seaweed lay beneath, and a southern blue where the water deepened. And then the mighty crags of this ever-changing coast gave way to low-sloping cliffs. We crossed a little stream, passing the ruined shaft of a deserted mine, and climbed the steep, rocky path to the coast-guard station at the summit of the headland. The ceaseless traffic of the English Channel rolled east and west, the lesser coasting vessels keeping close in shore to round the Land's End; in the distance a mighty ocean liner steamed home from the Antipodes.

Many are the contrasts of this delightful duchy. Beyond a little cove you come suddenly upon Porthgwarra. Sheltered on all sides by steep downs, this quaint little fishing hamlet is so hidden from view that you might pass within a hundred yards unaware of its existence. Crab-pots and boats and windlass—thatched cottages and tunnelled rock—form an old-world picture steeped with the atmosphere of days that are gone. On the operatic stage Porthgwarra would be labelled "The Smugglers' Retreat". Yet within a mile or so of this relic of the dead past, you see the vibrant, living present: the lofty Marconi mast of a great cable company and cliffs strewn with the tape of the "ticker".

The rocks were purple in the vanishing light, as I climbed the battlements of the castle on Treryn Point. At night's approach the wind had fallen—a calm was on the seas and the silence of high places hung about the headland. Long I watched the ocean, held by that fascination of moving waters that still pools lack, and darkness had blotted the view before I made my way towards the light of the little inn.

Possibly because it was the nearest point to the continent, Mousehole was the scene of a terrible Spanish raid. Against their armed soldiers the brave fishermen could do nothing, and the Spaniards carried fire and sword through the country side—destroying the whole town, save for the Manor House. That was in 1595. Mousehole rebuilt itself the same year and has done no building since. The little fishing haven with its clustering streets and crowded harbour is unspoilt by any modern touch. Even its sole industry is unchanged—fishing, combined with the curing of pilchards. The Manor House, which survived the Spanish Raid, is to-day the "Keigwin Arms". The beautifully-proportioned doorway, the dripstones and the design of the granite front mark the builder as a man of taste. The Squire was slain by a cannon ball, which you may inspect. It was lying on the hall table when I saw it.

"This," said the good lady of the house, taking it up, "is the cannon ball that killed the poor Squire."

She spoke of it as an event of yesterday.

Pleasant is the cliff walk to Mousehole's big sister—Newlyn. The road almost overhangs the water and your eye follows the curve of Mounts Bay and the hedged, meadowed hills that border it. In the distance, rising from the calm sea is St. Michael's Mount—a delicate blue mass, trembling in the sunny heat—and beyond it sea and sky vanish in faint mist.

On the white road ahead an easel and a camp-stool betray the inevitable artist. It is the "note" of Newlyn, for the ubiquitous painter has here made a home. Unknown men won the secret of the subtle coloring and became famous, and to-day the Newlyn "School" is world-known. An art gallery has been built and a narrow lane boasting a couple of studios bears

PRUSSIA COVE, THE MOST FAMOUS RESORT OF SMUGGLERS IN CORNWALL. HERE "HONEST JOHN" CARTER BROUGHT SMUGGLING TO A FINE ART, AND WHEN ONE DAY THE "REVENOOZERS" APPEARED UNANNOUNCED WHEN CERTAIN KEGS WERE BEING LANDED, OPENED FIRE UPON THE CUSTOMS MEN WITH A CANNON

PAST LAND'S END THE MIGHTY TRAFFIC OF THE CHANNEL ROLLS. GRAIN-BOATS FROM ODESSA, BLACK TRAMPS THAT IN A WEEK WILL LIFT THE SOUTHERN CROSS, BRASS-BOUND LINERS, HUMBLE FISHERMEN, ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON MAY BE SEEN SKIRTING CAUTIOUSLY THESE FROWNING ROCKS THAT END OLD ENGLAND

the name, "Rue des Beaux Arts". Disciples, with brush and palette, immortalize picturesque "bits" in the straggling streets, and picturesque fishermen lounge by, unconcerned. They have taken kindly to the painters, for posing is not unremunerative. In late afternoon, the studio model becomes the fisherman, and from the pier head you watch the fishing fleet by twos and threes stealing out of the harbour for the night's work. There is something almost mysterious in this evening exodus of a hundred boats. The brown sails are gilded by the setting sun, and each boat trails long threads of gold as, dwindling and dwindling, it vanishes silently seawards.

Deep set in Mounts Bay lies Penzance, the shapely dome of its market house against the sunny sky giving to the town an Italian atmosphere. Strange it is to find tropical plants around you, and stranger to think of the primeval forest which lies beneath the waters of the Bay. No mere myth is this for at neap tide you may see trunks of trees projecting from the sand. History records a titanic disaster when the seas swept over the land and engulfed eighty villages. Did that land unite Cornwall and Brittany? The shuffling sound of sabots caught my ear, and turning, I saw a Breton onion-seller. Him I questioned. He came from Roscoff. This was his tenth trip. He and his companions felt quite at home in Cornwall. He did not know if Cornwall was once joined to Brittany by land, but he did know that his grandparents had transported kegs of brandy by sea.

As I paced the road that runs eastward to the Mount, I pictured the roadside fields in early spring, vast gardens of violets, wall-flowers and narcissi, with the soft air heavy with their perfume and picturesque groups of women and girls working all day tying the flowers into bunches. Winter winds are tempered in this Duchy of Cornwall.

St. Michael's Mount, which dominates the Bay from every view-point, is an island at high tide. At the ebb, you may reach it by a narrow causeway. On the summit of its grass-grown, pinnacled rocks, you see a turreted castle flashing pale and gold like a fairy palace in the afternoon sun. Ancient and very peaceful is the little village on the mainland, and I lay on the warm sands gazing at the Mount, picturing its strange scenes and thinking of the varied men who for varied reasons have sought its isolation. To-day, this erstwhile fortress is the "seat" of a wealthy family. Miniature golf links cling to its sides and white-sailed yachts with shining brass-work enter the little harbour.

The view recedes and shows the struggles of the Civil War, when treachery and surprise gave the impregnable Mount to the besiegers. Then scenes of fire and slaughter, and men of war gave place to men of peace —monks moving softly in the deep calm of a monastery, and beyond—the scenes fade into the mists of tradition and myth.

I struck inland, took a short cut, and lost my way. It was late when I saw lights twinkling in the smallest of villages. Heavily fell the rain, as weary and very wet I approached the solitary inn, and asked for a room. The aged lady of the house scrutinized this dishevelled and rain-soaked stranger, and said:

"We are full."

"Full," I echoed, and pleaded for any kind of a room.

"We're full," she repeated, with tedious regularity.

Swiftly I proffered payment in advance.

"Well," said the landlady, "I think I can find you a room, but remember, it's against the rules of the house to wear boots in bed."

Daylight brought perfect weather, and early on my journey, I was joined by a fellow-traveller—an old tin worker —walking to Breage to see his family. Here no towering headlands rise sheer from the sea, but the path skirts low promontories that stretch far out into blue water, till you reach a rocky ridge that plunges into the sea. From its point you have a perfect view, the full

sweep of the Bay curving from St. Michael's Mount to the distant white houses of Mousehole.

Leaving the point you must take to the road. In the first hundred yards, we were passed by a cross-eyed man. My companion immediately averted his gaze and said aloud: "Numney Dumney—Numney Dumney".

I could make nothing of the words and asked their meaning.

"You always say 'Numney Dumney' when you meet a squint-eyed man," was the reply.

I recalled the "evil eye" superstitions and instantly reached the solution. "In Nomine Domini" are the holy words which confound the powers of the evil one.

"Yon's Prussia Cove," said my companion, "would you see it?"

Would I see the most famous resort of smugglers in Cornwall?

There is no road into Prussia Cove, merely a footpath which skirts the brow of a hill, and drops to the sea. The spot is so sheltered and secluded that you cannot see what boats are in the little creek below until you literally lean over the edge of the cliff. Then you see a harbour hewn out of the solid rock, a roadway with wheel tracks partly cut and partly worn, crossing the rocks below the high-water, and caves and caves, and still more caves. The mouths of some of them are built up. On other days these communicated with the house above by secret passages. Here dwelt "Honest John" Carter and Harry, his brother Harry "imported" contraband and John disposed of it. The combination was irresistible. Bold and utterly reckless, they brought smuggling to a fine art, and when a boat laden with customs officers appeared off the cove, at a moment when certain kegs were being landed, these genial merchants opened fire upon it with a cannon.

The breakers noised and foamed and the circling gulls screamed, but there is no hint of storm in the far blue reaches of the sky. Lightly you step in the bracing breeze and swiftly the panorama changes. Beyond the dangerous Praa Sands, you see the village of Breage—two names that once spelt terror to the mariner. For the villagers were even more treacherous than the sands. Hear the sailor's "Litany":

"From Praa sands and Breage hands,
Good Lord, deliver us."

And in contrast with the days when the tinworkers left their work in hundreds, and armed with axes followed a ship in distress till it came ashore, before you rise the tall towers of Marconi's wireless—the swiftest friend of the sailor in distress.

Slowly with a heavy heart, you climb the hill to Mullion. The sea loses its sparkle and the breeze its freshness, for Mullion means time-tables, railway connections and—the end of your Cornish journey. Yet it is but for a moment. For, though you must leave this exquisite coast, you will ever have deep memories of the "first, last and best" county in England.

You will think of these fishermen—kindly folks with the eyes of men who fight the sea, and of their picturesque homes, and visions will come to you of blue sea and heather-clad cliffs, sandy coves and rock-locked harbours. You will picture the winter sunshine and the riot of color in spring. And when you feel upon you the chill of some snow-clad city where beauty is banished and romance has no being, you will turn and warm yourself in the glories of Cornwall.

With Aviator No. 6

by H. M. Egbert

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING A PAIR OF SCOUNDRELS.

(In which I sail to see the Coronation and, incidentally, discover that I am a much-advertised-for person).

"BUT, goodness gracious, Anne, you aren't going to England alone, are you? Wait till school closes in June, and we'll make up a party."

My room-mate, Mary Jenner, is meek enough when she is alone with me, but company lends her a fictitious persuasiveness. Besides, all the rest of the girls curled up among our cushions agreed with her—I could see it in their faces.

"If His Sacred Majesty King George the Fifth will consent to put off his coronation until July, I shall be glad to wait for you," I answered, with some asperity. "But I don't think it's likely, do you?"

"Well, but, Anne——" Mary was beginning, when Agnes Pomeroy broke in. Agnes is a plump girl with a vein of common sense amounting almost to genius.

"Look here," she said, "what's the use? You won't see a thing except the street processions. You might just as well stay in Winnipeg and read all about it in the Illustrated London News. Nobody can get into the Abbey without marrying a peer."

I put my nose in the air. "Well, even at that——" I suggested brazenly. The girls laughed, and Agnes shied a chocolate cream at me, missing me by about three feet.

"I don't believe even having red hair and being a mascot would accomplish a peer by Coronation-time, my dear," she said. "But by all means go ahead if you've set your heart on it. After school is out we'll join you."

"You let my red hair alone, Pomeroy Sec," I retorted wrathfully. "I'm twenty-two years old, and I guess I know how to take care of myself. And if you've got a determined temperament, and want something badly and all your friends put stupid obstacles in your way—why, it's enough to make a plaster angel feel annoyed."

Agnes only laughed, and ate another chocolate, though she knows they make her fatter, and my decision was accepted as an established fact, which I thought was another proof of my determined temperament.

It seems strange to look back on that kimono party now. I felt so old and capable and assured that nothing could possibly happen to me. If I had dreamed of the mad adventures that were so soon to begin—ah, well, per-

haps I would have gone forward just the same. It is hardly twelve months since we sat by that crackling fire—but I feel as if it had been a thousand years. After all, twenty-two is very young.

But, at any rate, I had a perfectly good reason for leaving school two months before the end of the term. The doctor, who is an old friend of mine—I used to pull his mustaches when I wore pinafores—told me I had been working too hard, and was on the verge of a complete breakdown if I didn't at once have complete rest and change of scene. So I asked him if the air of any particular place would benefit me especially, and he pulled a curl for me and said he felt sure English air was the one thing for my ailment.

"Are you going to visit your ancestral castle?" asked Mary as I was packing. "It doesn't really seem polite to go so near and never say 'Bon jour'."

"Of course," I answered, though really I hadn't thought about it before. "I'm going to see the Chateau Clichy, and also I'm going to try to recover my ancestral property. I've a bundle of bonds stacked up in a romantic old vault in Paris. Maybe I'll come back an heiress, or something like that. I knew there was something extra nice about this adventure.

I haven't mentioned anything about my castle in France, have I? One doesn't talk about one's family, of course, but really, mine was very interesting. My grandfather is the Comte d'Yves, and owns a large feudal property in Clichy, which is in Normandy. My father was his son by his first marriage, and when father was hardly more than a boy, he quarrelled with grandfather, who turned him out. Father came to Canada to make his fortune, drifted to the coast, and finally married an American girl in San Francisco. I was born there, my mother dying when I was only a baby, and my father when I was seventeen. After that I came to Winnipeg and taught for a living. Of course, things were hard sometimes, but father had had a worse time than I, and for his sake I never could forgive grandfather for turning him out of doors.

"Some day, Anne," my father used to say laughingly, "you'll go back to France and be adopted and become heiress of Clichy."

"I guess the rest of them won't leave much for me to be heiress of," I answered usually, and the subject dropped. Save for a fluent knowledge of French I had nothing about me to betray the fact of my foreign extraction, and I never wished to meet any of my father's relatives—never! Sometimes my father would speak about the property in the strong box. It was all in bonds—worthless ones, too—which had been left my father by his mother, whose dowry had been invested in the old Panama Canal, that glorious enterprise that went down to ruin twenty odd years ago, carrying with it thousands of prosperous families in a general wreck. My grandmother had always had a pathetic belief that some day the bonds would be worth something. She left them to my father, placing them in the strong box which she held in the vaults of Magniff & Co., Bankers, of Paris and London. When she was dying she sent him the key.

"Well, Anne, they won't do any harm where they are," my father would say. "Some day, when we're all rich, we'll go to Paris and take them out and sell them for old paper."

So now I think I have explained how I came to sail for England on the thirty-first of May, with five $100 and one $50 bill in my purse and the key to the ancestral strong box. Mary wanted me to sew my bills into the lining of my dress. But I felt safer with the money in my purse, for, as I told her, I'd either have to wear the same dress all the time or keep running into my room to see whether it had been ripped open or not. If I had taken her advice I should never have had my adventure with the Man in the Buff Boots—but that comes later.

Mary, of course, was at the train in tears, waiting to bid me adieu. And who else should be there but that odious little Mr. Spratt, who had once been enamored of me, half hidden behind an enormous bouquet. I've

heard that his boys call him "The Sprat," which isn't a nice name to give a professor of civic and international law. He pressed the bouquet into one of my hands and then put something else into the other in a mysterious and portentous manner.

"My volume on the Code Napoleon, Miss Ives," he said, whispering cautiously. "The only complete English commentary on modern French law. I've written your name on the fly-leaf. Don't lose it; you'll need it when you get to Paris!"

I could not but feel affected by the little man's kindness in presenting me with a copy of his epoch-making work. I introduced him to Mary, and we three chatted for a few moments until the conductor called "All aboard!" I stayed a day or two in Montreal, sightseeing, and finally, owing to a last minute excursion to Mount Royal, nearly missed the steamer. But just as the whistles blew, I plunged hastily up the gangway, colliding at the top with a couple of foreign-looking men who stared at me for several minutes, apparently deeply interested.

I am usually quick to form my judgments of people. I did not like either of these fellow-passengers at all. In a very short time I had discovered that they were master and servant, or stood in some such relation. The one bore the hall-marks of wealth without refinement; the other was a coarse and villainous-looking Greek or Armenian, as I judged. I was relieved when I saw him betake himself to the steerage. But judge my disgust when I discovered that I had been seated next to his master at the dinner table!

He did not lose any time in striking up an acquaintance with me. "May I pass you the mustard, Miss Howard?" were his first words. He had evidently been looking me up and made a mistake in the name. I was about to disillusion him when his next words checked the words on my lips.

"Allow me to introduce myself, since we are to see so much of each other during our voyage," he continued, with an odious smirk. "My name is Magniff—Leopold Magniff—a name tolerably well known in Paris and elsewhere."

"The—the banker?" I managed to gasp.

"The son of the banker," he corrected, much gratified at my ready recognition. "The old boy's my father. We now control the second largest combination of capital in France, and the fourth largest in Europe," he added complacently. "Not that I'll step into the old donkey's shoes, though. He hates me like poison. I grieve to say that my father has a mind purely commercial and utterly incapable of appreciating any of the refinements of life."

It isn't often that I wish I were a man, but that's what I did just then, so that I might have had the pleasure of kicking him. But I smothered my rage and struggled with my surprise. It seemed like the opening of some wonderful melodrama, my chance encounter with this man while on my way to Europe, to take my securities out of his father's safety deposit box. I murmured something and fled up to the deck. Later, Mr. Magniff appeared and engaged me in conversation for about an hour, until I found some excuse to dismiss him and go to bed.

During the next few days he made himself my constant companion. He seemed to time his appearances at the table so that we should sit down together when I paced the deck I was sure to encounter him, whereupon, altering the direction of his walk, he would keep step with me. At evening, no sooner had I drawn up my chair in a comfortable and secluded place than he would discover me and immediately seat himself at my side. I made few acquaintances on the boat, so that my name was never mentioned in his presence, and it was characteristic of his complacency that he did not discover it.

When, by any chance, I obtained a few minutes' respite from his odious presence, as sure as fate I would see him upon the lower deck in lengthy and stealthy conference with the villainous Greek—for such I had discovered his nationality to be. There was a cross-eyed woman, apparently the servant's wife, whom I had observed with him, and after the first day, when Mr.

Magniff would bring his servant up on our deck and keep him near while he engaged me in conversation, I began to notice that the woman would post herself below and watch my face with somber, never-winking eyes.

My curiosity became so great that I questioned Mr. Magniff about this strange pair of dependents. He burst into loud laughter.

"Poor Zeuxis is unhappily married," he chuckled when he could speak. "I took the fellow over to America with me, and his wife, who is insanely jealous of the scamp, followed on the next boat. Ever since that she has stuck to him closer than a leech. I fancy she imagines that he's trying to leave her."

"But why does she stare at me?" I demanded.

He hemmed and hawed a little.

"You're a good sport, Miss Howard," he confided at length. "I'll let you in. She's jealous of you. She thinks he's planning to elope with you. Ho, ho, ho!"

The cur collapsed into my chair and laughed. I started away indignantly, but he sprang to his feet and grasped me by the sleeve.

"Don't go," he begged. "I'll stop the fellow's insolence if you say the word. But Zeuxis has been useful to me in many ways, and just now we are planning to pull off a little coup in England which is going to net us a few thousands. Our last one failed, unfortunately."

"What was it?" I asked, my curiosity stimulated.

He looked at me leeringly. I believe that, for some occult reason, the rascal considered that he had made a conquest of me. At any rate, he began blabbing his story quite proudly into my eager ears.

"It's a long tale," he said. "To tell it I've got to go back to my father, and he ain't a pleasant subject."

"O, please go on," I said, as enticingly as I could. Somehow the idea had entered my head that this rogue in some way was bound up with the success or failure of my enterprise. Try as I might, I could not rid myself of the thought.

"Well," he began, drawing up a chair close to me, "you wouldn't think, to look at me, that my father started life as a humble horse-meat vendor in the Rue Strasbourg, would you?"

"I could believe it by a wild stretch of the imagination," I answered.

"Quite so," he answered, flattered. "Well, to do him justice, the old donkey has one of the shrewdest brains in France. Somehow he got in on the ground floor of the De Lesseps Panama concession and made millions out of it before it went to pieces. Then nothing would content him but that he become a country gentleman. With this end in view he bought a magnificent estate near Clichy, in Normandy, remodelled the castle in a ghastly manner, and laid out a deer park. But it didn't get him anywhere. Clichy is still a feudal province, and the old bounder's manners are such that the nobles of the locality had no use for him. Our presence there was completely ignored. For several years father and mother struggled to obtain social recognition, until at last they gave up the attempt, sold the estate and went back to Paris to live. But you can't stand up against the old man with impunity. He resolved to be revenged, and the man he most blamed for his troubles was the Comte d'Yves, a poverty-stricken old noble of Clichy—just a beggarly proud rat, Miss Howard—who thought himself too good to breathe the air that father did."

I was glad that it had grown too dark for Magniff to see my face.

"My father singled out the Comte to feel the full weight of his hatred," he went on blandly. "The Comte had been badly hit in the Panama bubble. He'd had some shares, but they disappeared in a mysterious manner. From that time onward my father bent all his endeavors toward bankrupting the Comte and taking over his property. He's heavily mortgaged, and it seems only a matter of a few months now before father gets even with the old fool. He'd have done it long ago, only he was bringing off a coup of his own which meant millions to him."

My heart was hammering so hard it

scarcely seemed possible that I could control my emotion. The plot was thickening—and I was in the very heart of it!

"Yes," he continued, putting up his feet on the ship's rail, "there's only three of them alive in the direct line to-day: the Comte, a very old man now, a daughter by a second marriage, and her son, the Comte's grandson, a young fellow of twenty-five. There was a son by an earlier marriage, but he went to America and died there. I traced him to California and lost him there. The burning of San Francisco had destroyed all the records. I advertised in all the Pacific Coast papers without result. There had been a marriage, and I believe there was one daughter. But she has vanished completely."

The uneven glow of his words, and a sudden suspicious odor on the night air, convinced me that the scoundrel had been drinking—not enough to render him tipsy, but just sufficient to unlock the doors of his secrets.

"So I told the old donkey"—by that phrase I interpreted him to mean Magniff Senior—" 'you'd better hurry up with that revenge of yours,' I said, 'or they'll all be dead.' He'd cut my allowance to a beggarly ten thousand a year. He told me I was a bad egg, as he elegantly phrased it, and had disappointed all his hopes of having me succeed him in the banking business. 'All right, old boy,' I thought, 'I'll show you something original in the financial field.' You see, Miss Howard," he continued, lurching toward me, "I knew the secret of the bonds."

"Yes, what was it?" I cried.

He sobered immediately. "Now you'd like to know, wouldn't you?" he drawled. "You tantalizing little devil——"

I rose with great dignity and walked away, leaving him calling "Miss Howard! Miss Howard!" in desperate apology.

Thereafter, although my curiosity was burning, I avoided him sedulously, cutting him directly when we met and ignoring his advances at the dinner table. But he was so persistent that I was driven to all sorts of expedients to avoid him, and, when my need of a walk became urgent, I resorted to the long deck of the steerage, which was practically deserted, since few steerage passengers were returning to Europe at that season of the year.

It must have been on the third night after when, while pacing the steerage deck after successfully eluding my pursuer, I became aware of a stir in the shadows of the sailors' fore-cabin, under the stern. Then a black shape came flying toward me, clasped me by the arm, and fell on its knees behind me, whirling me round to shield it against its pursuer, who came, cat-like, out of the darkness. Before I had time to be afraid I recognized that it was Zeuxis clutching me, Zeuxis in desperate fear, while, like a panther, his wife followed him, a knife in her hand, crouching for a spring.

"Safe me, safe me, Miss!" the Greek babbled frantically.

Well, Mary, to whom I wrote about the incident, said I was brave, but I haven't taught in the immigrant class for nothing. I simply stepped forward and took the knife out of her hand. She gave it up like a lamb and burst into tears.

"What is this about?" I demanded of Zeuxis, in my most scholastic tones.

"She's jealous of you, Miss Howard," he explained, rising sheepishly to his feet. "She's got it into her head that you're a rival of hers," he continued, caressing his long moustache proudly, as though he were a hero.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, in unutterable disgust.

"Quite so, quite so," said the Greek hurriedly. "If you would pretend to hate me, Miss, if you'd show your pretended contempt a little more openly, Miss, you might convince her."

"Pretended?" I cried in fury. "You—you——"

"Say it, Miss, say it," he whispered eagerly.

"I can't find words vile enough to characterize you," I answered, and turned upon my heel.

Later that evening he came creeping up to me.

"You've done it, Miss," he whis-

pered. "And if you ever want a friend, call upon me and I'll protect you."

"Done what?" I ejaculated.

"Convinced her, Miss. You see, Miss, Mr. Magniff, he's a joker, and he pretended that you was in love with me, just to torment her. But I've made her think I've jilted you, and I'm grateful, Miss, indeed——"

Really, I could be angry no longer. Stifling a hysterical peal of laughter, I ran up to my own deck and flung myself breathlessly into my chair.

I had escaped from the frying pan into the fire, however. For out of the dark another shadow arose—an unsteady shadow that quickly merged into a more substantial but still unsteady form. Magniff sat down beside me.

"You cruel little girl," he began inanely, "why have you fled from me all this time? Was it because you read my secret in my eyes? Miss Mary——"

He tried to seize my hand. The reception which I gave him seemed to sober him.

"Don't go, Miss Howard," he begged in maudlin tones. "Forgive me. I guess I'm a bad egg after all as the old asinine party characterized me. I've knocked about the world and never found a friend but you. Stay with me, Miss Howard, and I'll tell you a secret. There's millions in it if we can locate the party."

"Well?" I said coldly, my curiosity getting the better of my judgment.

"It's a girl," he babbled. "And she's got some Panama bonds and don't know the value of them. If we can trace her——"

"Yes, Mr. Magniff?" I answered artlessly.

"Why, we can hold a club over the asinine party and extract a cool half million. You see, if she were to meet the old Comte and he adopted her and took the bonds—what am I saying about the Comte? I mean a certain elderly party—" he explained craftily —"why, he could pay off the mortgage that the asinine party holds over him. That would mean an end to the asinine party's schemes of revenge. Now, Miss Mary, if we can locate this girl and get the bonds from her at a trifling cost, pretending that they are worthless, we can threaten the asinine party that we'll deliver them to the other old party unless he pays up what we demand. See the point? Two birds in the hand: a fortune for you and me, and a club for the asinine person."

"And why do you make this proposition to me?" I asked.

"Because I love you, Mary," he cried, seizing my hand. "That's nothing to the next trick Zeuxis and I have up our sleeves. There's millions for all of us. I think you're an angel. What do you think of me?"

"I think you are a miserable scoundrel," I answered furiously, rising out of my chair.

To my astonishment he received my outburst with a peal of laughter.

"That's what I like," he cried, trying to seize my hand again. "Give me a girl with some spirit in her. Miss Mary! You can't imagine how much I've been thinking of you since we met aboard this old boat. Let's make a date in London. Want to see the Coronation? Maybe I can get you a seat and show you round. Let's go——"

I turned on him, my eyes flashing, my anger so furious that for a few moments I could hardly find my tongue. I think I must have overawed him, for he seemed to wilt away under the blast of my rage, and waited dumbly.

"Listen to me, Mr. Magniff," I cried, shaking my finger at him. "Some of my friends have been good enough to tell me that I am a mascot and bring people good luck. I've brought good luck to you, better than you deserve, at any rate, because I am the woman whom you and your servant have been looking for. My name is not 'Miss Howard.' I am Anne Ives, and my father was Jules d'Yves, born at Clichy, in Normandy."

I saw him stagger at that; the blow went home.

"Here," I cried, snatching it from my purse and holding it up to him, "this is the key to the box which con-

tains my bonds, and I am going to Paris to redeem my property. It is mine, and I shall dispose of it to suit my inclinations."

He started toward me incredulously. He made a desperate clutch at the key. But, with a hysterical laugh, I withdrew it from his outstretched hand and fled along the deck, down the stairs and locked myself in my stater-room.

I did not leave it until we docked at Plymouth. But once, lying upon my bunk, I saw a shadow fall upon the wall, and looking out, saw him pacing the lower deck beside his hawk-eyed, eagle-beaked servitor, and an involuntary shudder came over me.

He was waiting to accost me at Plymouth, but I eluded him in the crowd. I ran the length of the station platform, dashed into the train and out the opposite side, and had the pleasure of seeing him start for London without me, under the firm conviction that I was in the train.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASCOT OF THE MONOPLANE.

In which I venture an ascension into the ether and nearly lose my dignity.

I FOUND a nice little boarding-house in one of those large, quiet, old squares near the British Museum, and was very comfortable there. I made several friends, notably a Mrs. Christie, an American widow about ten years older than myself and twice as eager for amusement. One thing I soon discovered: it was impossible to get into the Abbey to see the Coronation.

Mrs. Christie was greatly distressed.

"I must see it, Anne," she confided to me, as we sat together in her little room in the boarding-house. "Don't you suppose that the Lord Chamberlain would let me in if he knew that I represent the city of Cedar Plank, Iowa?"

It appeared that the inhabitants of her native town had held a voting contest for the purpose of sending their most popular society member to represent them at the Coronation, and Mrs. Christie had been elected by a very large majority—I think of seventy-five.

"Which was enormous, my dear Anne," Estelle Christie confided, "when you reflect that the adult voting population of Cedar Plank numbers only four hundred and fifty, or thereabouts."

She had drafted a letter to the Lord Chamberlain embodying her request. I feared that it would elicit an unsatisfactory response, and in order to divert her thoughts, I picked up the newspaper and said:

"In the meantime, Estelle, why shouldn't we go to see the great aeroplane contest at South Northwood?"

She sprang up, clapping her hands. Estelle had a very volatile mind, and my little scheme had succeeded admirably.

"I dote on aeroplanes, Anne," she cried. "When is it?"

"This afternoon," I answered. "Listen, Estelle. 'Eight competitors, representing England, America, France, Italy and Germany, will enter their machines in the soaring and speed tests. A novel feature will be the soaring with one passenger and descending with the motor cut off, a prize of five hundred pounds being offered to the aviator making the highest record.' "

"Have you ever been in an aeroplane, Anne?" asked Estelle, already putting on her hat.

"Indeed I have," I said. "I even know how to manage a monoplane a little. One of the men I know is an enthusiast, and has given me several lessons."

"How perfectly wonderful!" she exclaimed, searching vainly for a veil. "O, Anne, just think! There may be a terrible accident!"

All thought of the Coronation had already left her mind. I could hardly keep pace with her as we hurried along the streets towards the railway station. And all the way down in the train she talked incessantly of the spectacle in prospect and asked me countless questions. We arrived at the grounds just as the competition opened and obtained seats in the very

"O!" GASPED ESTELLE, CLUTCHING MY ARM AS HE FLEW PAST,
—"O, ISN'T HE HANDSOME!"

first row of the grand stand. The clerk wanted to put us somewhere at the back, but when I pleaded with him he changed his mind.

"However did you get such perfect seats, dear?" asked Estelle as we found ourselves with an unobstructed view of the field.

I laughed. "Did I never tell you that I am everybody's mascot?" I answered lightly.

"What's that?" she asked.

"O, it means a bringer of luck," I told her. "All my friends know that. I bring success to everybody—except myself."

Estelle did not reply. She was looking intently at the great machines which were being carried out of their sheds and placed at various starting points upon the field. There was a huge monoplane in front of us, which we could see quite plainly. Its driver, a tall, good-looking man in gray and blue, with a pair of intensely penetrating eyes and a calm smile, was seating himself in the machine, ready for flight, and looking as quiet and collected as though his enterprise were a thing of no consequence. While I watched him, breathless with excitement, somebody must have given a signal, for suddenly I saw his huge machine run a little way along the course and then, with a swift, gliding movement, suddenly rise into the air and wing its way around the field.

"O," gasped Estelle, clutching my arm. "O!"—as the driver made the circuit and whirled past us, the wind from the pinions almost sweeping our faces—"isn't he handsome!"

Her words made me quite cross.

"Don't be so silly, Estelle," I answered. Then, inspired by some malicious spirit, I asked:

"Do you still hope that there will be an accident?"

"No, no," she cried, terrified. "O, Anne, he *mustn't* fall."

"Do be quiet," I urged. "People are looking at us."

But it was not so much the thought that we were attracting attention as the knowledge that she admired this man whom I, always an ardent hero-worshipper, had already in mind appropriated for my own. I don't mean in any vulgar sense, of course. Had he had the audacity to speak to me without a proper introduction I should have cut him dead, but I admired him as the exponent of a difficult and dangerous art. He drove like a god—Harry and his little affair at home were nothing to him.

And he did not receive the prize!

We were so disgusted with the judges' decision that we mutually forgave each other and resolved to share our hero in common. As for the unknown, he did not seem to care a bit. He doffed his cap lightly to the clamoring multitudes and, descending, turned to some of his assistants.

"What are they going to do now?" asked Estelle.

"The next act will be the dangerous, desperate and death-defying ascension to an incredible altitude with a passenger," remarked a pudgy gentleman upon the seat behind us.

Of course I turned a cold shoulder upon the impudent fellow, and Estelle only acknowledged his information with the coolest nod. But still we could not help possessing this morsel of knowledge, and I confess I looked forward with a thrill of painful expectation to the hazardous undertaking, and my heart beat faster for the safety of the unknown.

And then a dreadful thing happened. The passenger whom our hero had arranged to take on his ascension had either lost his nerve or his way; anyhow, by the time the others were ready to start he was still being sought for among the audience.

Our hero stood not a dozen paces away from me, his strong, grave face turned upward expectantly, scanning the crowd upon the grand stand, but always in vain. The passenger who was to accompany him was evidently not upon the grounds.

Meanwhile, one by one, the other aeroplanes, with their double freight, were rising slowly, like great birds.

A couple of stewards, in frock coats and silk hats, came over to our unknown. At the short distance at which they stood I could hear every word distinctly.

"Your passenger has not come?" demanded one of the stewards coolly, and I think there was a touch of malicious pleasure in his voice.

"It appears not," answered the unknown, shrugging his shoulders. And then I understood the meaning of that malicious intonation. This man was a foreigner—like myself; and, good sportsmen though they were, the stewards could not but feel a natural pleasure at the possible removal of one of their nation's most dangerous rivals.

"It is possible," began the aviator slowly, searching for his words with painful precision, "it is possible to take up a volunteer?"

"No," snapped one of the stewards; and "Yes," answered the other with equal volubility.

"I will look up the exact wording in the book of rules," said the first again, and from his immaculate frock coat pocket he produced a little leather bound book, which he inspected through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses.

" I gather from Rule XXV. that the personality of the passenger is of no consequence," he announced at last. "So, if you can find one, sir, you may take up a volunteer."

The aviator bowed. "If anyone will accompany me——" he murmured, and the steward advanced directly toward me and cried in a loud voice:

"Will any gentleman volunteer to make the ascent with Competitor No. 6?"

At last a half dozen gentlemen began to rise in their seats.

"The aeroplane will ascend to the highest point possible," he continued—and all but two dropped down again. These remained standing, gazing at each other sheepishly.

"And then descend with the motor cut off," he continued; and both of them fell back with a solid thump that shook the benches.

"I am afraid that no volunteer is available, sir," said the steward, retiring a few steps toward the contestant.

To this day I do not know what possessed me. Was it the sense of fellowship in a strange land, or sporting instincts, or merely contempt for the cowards upon the benches? Anyhow, before I knew what I was doing, before I knew that I had contemplated such a step, I was standing outside the grand stand in the turf field.

"I will ascend with Competitor No. 6," I said.

I heard a shriek of horror from Estelle Christie; I saw the faces of the spectators turned upon me, each, fringed with its mop of hair, exactly reminiscent of some large and very pale turnip. The stewards ran toward me.

"Impossible!" they cried. "We could not think of such a thing."

"Then, Mr. Competitor No. 6, I congratulate you upon gaining the prize," I said satirically, pointing toward the other aeroplanes that rose in spiral circles and now hummed overhead like angry bees. "Rule XXV makes, I believe, no discrimination against my sex," I continued at a venture.

"My dear lady, it is impossible. Rather would I forego the prize," said the unknown, much agitated. "Your courage thrills me and overwhelms me with gratitude, but no—a thousand times no. I could never accept your offer."

"*Si Monsieur aie peur*——" I hazarded. It was not such a long shot, either, for the daring aeronaut looked more French than Italian, and, if so, I knew the suggestion that he was afraid would touch him. It did. He colored like a schoolgirl.

"Mademoiselle is also French?" he cried. "Come, then, and we shall beat them all. But what am I saying? No, no, it is impossible. I cannot risk your life."

"Monsieur's machine is not, then, absolutely under his control?" I inquired coldly.

He had turned away, the picture of dejection, but as this new blow went home he came forward again, kindled to new ardor. I looked from his face to those of the stewards. And just then, as matters hung in the balance,

the event was turned decisively by a voice from a back seat among the benches.

"Garn!" it cried derisively. "W'y don'tcher let the lidy ride outside?"

The whole of the grand stand was convulsed in laughter. The stewards threw up their hands in despair; then, while the aviator still hesitated, I took him by the arm and almost dragged him toward his machine.

"Courage, Monsieur," I said. "We shall win the prize together."

An answering glance of exultation was shot back to me.

"We shall," he cried, and with those words all hesitation and doubt disappeared. "You shall be safe as a little bird. Step up, Mademoiselle. Carefully; do not let the oil-drip from the motor soil your dress. So. Now," —and he flung a furry coat over my shoulders. "It is cold up there, in the dominions of the sun-god," he said gleefully. "Hold fast to that stay, Mademoiselle." He shouted an order to his attendants and leaped in beside me. The motor thrilled; we moved—and just then I heard a second and more piercing shriek from the benches, and turning my head ever so slightly, saw that Estelle Christie had fainted away.

But I had little thought of her, for all my energies were bent upon the task of conquering my fear. We were rising; how far we had risen I did not know until, looking dizzily down, I saw the upturned faces of the spectators, apparently almost level with the ground, and the grand stand like a section of slabs laid horizontally upon the turf. Now we were circling the field with long, curving, undulating sweeps. Over our heads, at intervals other aeroplanes hummed.

"Five hundred feet, Mademoiselle," said a voice in my ear.

I turned toward him. There he sat, his hands upon the levers, calm, imperturbable, self-possessed; and the machine obeyed beautifully each slightest pressure of his fingers.

"We shall win, Mademoiselle," he announced calmly. "She behaves better than ever before. Ah, but it takes French hearts to accomplish such deeds as this."

"I am a Canadian," I answered coldly.

"A Canadian!" he muttered, and I saw a look of dejection pass over his face.

"But my father was a Frenchman," I said, relenting. And once more happiness beamed in his gray eyes.

"I knew you must be French," he answered. "Then you can have no fear. No, Mademoiselle, I shall take her higher." He pressed the lever and I felt the aeroplane rise upon a drifting gust of air, up, up, till the humming sounded beneath us, and, glancing down, I saw that another aeroplane was fluttering under us like a bird with a broken wing, desperately and fruitlessly endeavoring to win to the higher stratum which we had attained.

Again he pressed the lever, and again we shot upward. Now we were above them all. Under us, from point to point of the field, our opponents struggled and flapped, but never won to that world of silence in which we moved so easily. We seemed to ride upon the air as a swan floats on the water. Far, very far beneath, I could make out the grand stand as a tiny patch of gray upon a field of green, and the spectators were smaller than tiny ants in a hillock. My companion looked at his barometer.

"Three thousand feet," he said; and I saw his teeth chatter.

"You are cold!" I cried, and began to divest myself of the fur coat. "Take this, Monsieur," I exclaimed. "You need your strength for the ascent. You must not let your hands grow chilled."

"Sit tight, sit tight, Mademoiselle," he answered. "No, I do not need it. Well, then I will take one corner—so." And he suffered me to throw one edge of the voluminous wrap around his shoulders.

"We have outsoared them all," he said. "We shall descend now."

"No, you have a record to make," I answered.

"But we have already won, Mad-

emoiselle. Never before has my monoplane ridden so lightly. Assuredly you must be a mascot."

My heart was beating tumultuously. It was a dangerous proximity; and then, too, the unconventionality of the situation had removed the bars of restraint which a hundred generations of women have learned to fasten across their hearts. I am not usually considered susceptible. There was that Mr. Spratt, whom I have mentioned, who taught civil and international law, and he had once presumed slightly when riding home with me from the theatre. I think he pressed my hand. Poor Mr. Spratt! I had frozen him with a look and he had had to make abject apologies before he found forgiveness. But here, I was conscious of a dangerous emotion which took possession of me, and my companion's hand sought mine and was not discarded. We might have been primeval man and woman riding triumphantly alone there through the ether.

The sun, bursting from behind a bank of clouds, shone into our faces.

"These are the realms of the sun-god," said my companion. "And you," he whispered, "are my sun-goddess."

He bent toward me and looked into my eyes. And what would have happened next I do not know. The mortification, after I reached terra firma, overwhelmed me with remorse and shame. But just at that moment the humming of the motor suddenly ceased. It had stopped—and stopped so suddenly that my companion was not prepared for it. The monoplane trembled and swayed dangerously.

Instantly I was forgotten. Afterward I remembered with a little sense of humiliation how wholly secondary I proved in his estimation to that machine. But I had no thought then, save for our safety. With what consummate skill he righted her and guided her, never losing his head, gliding downward swift as a stone; then, with an upward movement of the planes, arresting that perilous descent; now holding the machine tremblingly, as it seemed, upon some air-wave crest! I saw the ground spring up to meet us; the grand stand broadened and widened into its original form and shape; slowly, and then more swiftly, the ant-like creatures changed into turnip-tops once more. I closed my eyes and clung to the stay, expecting every moment to feel the deadly end to our tumultuous descent. And then——

"She has fainted," said somebody.

I opened my eyes languidly. I rested upon the ground, supported by the intrepid aviator: and near at hand, wholly uninjured, rested the monoplane.

Then somebody led Estelle through the yelling crowd, and she was weeping upon my neck.

When at last they suffered me to depart I looked round for my sun-god. He was not to be found. And it was only after I reached home that I remembered that I was wholly ignorant of his name. It was not in the newspapers where he was entered simply as "Aviator No. 6."

To be continued

FLIGHT

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

LIKE toiling genii the great monoplanes
With roar and striving thundered through the blue,
While on the plodding earth men gaped amazed.
Yet, all unnoticed, o'er their marvellings,
Insoucient, lightly drifting with the wind,
Floated the frail vans of a butterfly.

THE REAWAKENED CHURCH RECOGNIZES THAT TO SAVE SOULS, ONE MUST ALSO SAVE BODIES. VISITING NURSES ARE SUPPORTED BY THE CHURCH AND TEACH IGNORANT MOTHERS THE CARE OF CHILDREN, THE RUDIMENTS OF HOME SANITATION, AND PROPER FEEDING. VARIOUS OTHER PROBLEMS FACE THEM, SUCH AS DEATH, BIRTH, THE WINTER-NIGHT EVICTION OF A MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN, AND THEY MUST SOLVE THEM ALL UNHESITATINGLY

The Reawakened Church

BY SHAILER MATHEWS *Illustrated by* PHOTOGRAPHS

EDITOR'S NOTE—*This is the second of a series of papers by Dr. Shailer Mathews, dean of the largest divinity school in the world, on the modern church and its relation to social service. Two centuries ago the church burned witches and heretics. A century ago it condemned all "unbelievers" to everlasting hell-fire. To-day the church is too busy making good citizens to burn and condemn.*

IF there is one point at which the modern Church is particularly exposed to criticism it is in its relation to society. During the past few years the Church has been constantly attacked as out of sympathy with and ill adapted to the changing order. Individual churches were said to be hardly more than exclusive clubs meeting weekly and co-operatively supporting a private chaplain and a women's society. From a pretty wide knowledge of the churches, however, I am inclined to think that this type of church was and is rare. I have myself never found one, although plenty of people have told me that there were such churches, so to speak, "just around the corner."

Similarly in the case of the charge that churches are inhospitable toward workingmen. Although I would not

deny that the type exists, I have yet to find a church which does not desire to have workingmen join its membership. There occurs to me a very prosperous church in northern Indiana where the head usher is a man who works at the bench, while his assistants are his millionaire employers. Nor do I think that such a situation is by any means unusual, although it is probably not common for millionaires to take up the collection.

Some time ago the papers were filled with discussions of the experiences of a young woman who put on poor clothes and visited various churches in order to discover what sort of reception would be accorded her. As I recall her adventures she was sometimes, if not generally, given a back seat. It is difficult to see just how far we should make inductions from the experience of a young woman reporter desiring a good story, but taking her story at its face value it would be rather severe to judge the attitude of the churches by the habits of the ushers. There are plenty of churches whose custom it is to appoint members to act as a welcoming committee at the door, and even if their smiles do become somewhat stereotyped, the fact that they are there shows the real attitude of the church, whatever some young usher may do in the way of locating religious "spotters."

The sensible thing to do in all this discussion is to look at the matter in the large, rather than at episodes. The real spirit of the churches of America will be discovered not in the action of this or that man or body of men, but in general tendencies as seen in votes of representative conventions. If the Socialist is right in insisting that nobody shall call that Socialism except what has already been adopted as a platform by Socialists, organized Christianity has certainly a right to demand something of the same fair treatment.

Philanthropic Interest of the Church.

Now, if one looks at what the Church is actually doing in the realm of other than the field of worship, one will discover a mass of philanthropic activities which dwarfs every other sort of philanthropic and charitable agency into comparative nothingness. Take, for example, the charity work which is being done by churches. I do not suppose that there is a church of any size in America that does not have its poor fund; its deacons that look after its poor members; and its visiting committees, either formally appointed or volunteer, who are intimately acquainted with charity organizations or who themselves minister to the poor of the community. Nor does the philanthropic activity of the Church stop with what may be called official doings. Just as we measure a school by the sympathies and interests of its graduates, can the Church be judged by the temper of the men and women who are under its influence. Look over the list of men and women who are interested in social settlements, charity organizations, hospitals, homes for the friendless, orphan asylums, relief bodies of all sorts, and I venture the opinion, based, it is true, not on figures, but on tolerably wide observation, that, except one per cent. of them, the entire company came either directly from some church or from some family interested in the Church. I have respect for the philanthropic work done by secret societies, but when it comes to the actual education in altruism, the Church, with its Sunday schools, its missionary societies, its special committees on the poor, and its persistent emphasis of the importance of love, has an influence which makes that of secret societies look small. And this fact is all the more remarkable because the vast majority of churches have no means whatsoever of stimulating this philanthropic interest or of raising funds for the assistance of the distressed except by the moral appeal.

Curiously enough, however, just at this point we find another widespread, but at the same time most grotesque, criticism of the Church. It is said that men give up alms because they think they can escape going to hell by so doing. It is enough of an answer to such a charge as this simply to ask the question whether anybody ever knew of any person who gave money

to relief agencies in order to avoid going to hell? Or to ask who ever heard any preacher in any Protestant church ever use the pains of hell or the rewards of heaven as motives for caring for the poor? There may be such appeals, but to say that they are in any way characteristic of our modern church life is mere nonsense. The motives of philanthropy which the Church is emphasizing to-day are first of all the example of Jesus Christ, and second, the need of those who should be helped. In fact, so far as I can discover, the experiences of immortality are all but unmentioned motives for any action whatsoever. They do serve as a basis for a man's attempt to save himself, but Protestantism is a unit in insisting that salvation cannot be purchased by almsgiving. If there are individual Christians crude enough and ignorant enough to hold the contrary view, they should no more serve as a basis of judging the Church than the man who invariably has a fit of indigestion in the face of the enemy should be used as a basis of generalization concerning the courage of the army to which he belongs.

The Social Influence of Missions.

Take the work of the great missionary societies, both home and foreign, of every denomination. The average man never stops to think of the part these societies are playing in the general evolution of a better social order. But the careful student of social facts knows that one of the leading reasons why America has been able to assimilate and make good citizens of the millions who have come from every sort of foreign country is the work of the minister, colporteur and Sunday school missionary. The records of such bodies as the American Tract Society, the home missionary societies of the Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are unexplored mines for the student of dynamic sociology. Any man who ever saw a pioneer town setting itself a true standard of Americanism will be the first to admit that the preacher, as he is called, is a nucleus of social improvements. He may not know it, he may even be by no means an ideal minister, but the mere fact that a group of men and women are through him regularly called to hold sessions for the discussion of altruistic, educational and religious topics is a force in the community. You have only to compare the history of towns where such groups were early formed with towns where such is not the case, to appreciate the difference. For instance, compare San Francisco with Oklahoma City.

Work in Cities.

The work among the masses in our cities is being conducted much more vigorously by Christian bodies than appears on the surface. Churches do not hire brass bands or ordinarily use much advertising space in proclaiming their activities, but it is worth noticing that they are busy none the less. But here we meet one of the most difficult problems in our present situation. Our citizenship is not homogeneous but is segregated. In any great city the people of the same nationality are grouped together, irresistibly pressing out people of other nationalities. For instance, in the region between Canal Street, West Houston Street, Broadway and North River in New York, the population of American and English descent in 1885 numbered 20,743; in 1900, only 3,088. In another section of New York, south of Canal Street, the population of English and American descent was 12,254 in 1855, and dropped to 683 in 1900. But this exclusion of one race by another tends to solidify the newcomers. There is no city of any size that does not have its Jewish and Italian quarters. Within the limits of great cities like Chicago and New York there are little towns of pretty nearly every nation under the face of the sun.

Now, it is all very well to say that the churches, meaning thereby the Protestant churches, ought to minister to these communities, and it is easy to find fault with such churches because they do not so minister. But the facts of the case are that these communities have their national churches which, in a little while, are a considerable power. More than this, communities have

singular solidarity and even though their members are not particularly religious, for one of them to turn from even formal relations with one of these national churches to a Protestant church is to involve one in social ostracism and very probably economic ruin. The problem of city missions looks very simple to the man who knows nothing about it. To those, however, who have been responsible for expending thousands of dollars in a single Protestant mission for the Italians or the Poles, which has barely a dozen members after ten years' life, the question is very perplexing. Are such expenditures justified by the results of such methods? What are the wise methods to be followed in an attempt to bring Protestants to such communities? Should Protestantism be brought to them? Or should one co-operate with the national church and endeavor to bring about results by influencing their clergy?

These are some of the questions that are not yet answered by Protestantism. The city churches have not yet really taken the question of religious work in cities seriously, but there is growing up a very different state of affairs. Religious leaders are coming to see that the Church must do something more than hold prayer-meetings or teach the bible to the unchurched masses. It must help them to meet their social needs, and to this end we have the institutional church springing up in the midst of needy settlements. In this connection particular mention ought to be made of the work of the Episcopalians in New York, the Judson Memorial Church on Washington Square in the same city, the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia, and the Chicago Commons in Chicago. It is invidious even to mention one group of workers rather than another, but one cannot withhold mention of Dr. W. S. Rainsford and Edward Judson in New York, of Russell Conwell in Philadelphia, and of Graham Taylor in Chicago.

The Social Significance of Foreign Missions.

Similarly in the case of foreign missions. Nothing is easier than to make fun of the foreign missionary. The men who publish our alleged comic papers, when they cannot think of a cartoon on anything else, will revamp their pictures of the missionary among the cannibals. I wish that such persons would take the trouble to learn something about missionaries. And I particularly wish that persons who lament the annual expenditure of millions upon the heathen would learn something of the return these expenditures actually make. Your ordinary globe-trotter, who spends a day or so in some foreign port and talks with some American resident at the place, is very apt to come back with some bit of iridescent gossip concerning "rice Christians" and the luxury of missionaries. It is easier to pick up gossip than it is facts, but if anyone will take the trouble to read the three great volumes of Doctor Dennis, "Christian Missions and Social Progress," he will get a very different impression.

Who are the leaders, for instance, in the present awakening of China? I have not all the facts at my disposal, but I know that a very great proportion of them were educated in Christian colleges, notably in that extraordinary school of Bishop Oldham in Singapore. The same is perhaps even more true in the case of Japan, and Japan is now rapidly developing a strong Christianity of its own type. The fact is, Christian missionaries to-day are emphatically social workers. Practically every mission station in the world has its school, and every large center of mission activity has its hospital as well. The missionaries of Africa, like the missionaries among all savage people, are apostles of agriculture as well as of the gospel. Syria has not only a Protestant college that is a peer of nine-tenths of the colleges of America, and which, with Roberts College, Constantinople, and similar institutions of Asia Minor, has been the very breeding place of the reforms operative in the Turkish Empire, but the Presbyterian mission at Beyrout has one of the most remarkable printing establishments in the world, from which a constant stream of good literature is flowing throughout Syria and the region be-

WHERE THE CHURCH FEEDS THE BABIES. STERILIZED AND MODIFIED MILK DEPOT THAT HAS SAVED THOUSANDS OF SMALL LIVES

tween the Mediterranean and India.

Within the last few years foreign missions have taken up industrial education. It is true that mission stations among primitive people, like those of the South Sea Islands, have been the centers of training in agriculture and the mechanic arts, but this new movement is something different. It is the introduction into the mission of schools of manual training in much the same fashion as in American schools. In India this is particularly successful, and the school at Ahmednugger has become almost a model in this field. When it is borne in mind that mission schools often, if not generally, have only a small proportion of Christian boys, it can easily be seen how great would be their influence, quite outside of the Church itself. And in passing, it is worth while noticing that the second and third generations of Christians in India, as a class, are recognized as possessed of superior reliability and energy.

The Church Faces the Social Revolution.

But this social work of the Church in foreign lands is not quite as novel as the new interest in the great denominations in social matters of another sort. It is one thing to care for the sick and the destitute, and it is quite another to face the questions of the rights of labor and those other problems, answers to which, if properly made, would largely remove the causes of wretchedness in our society. Individual ministers have been interested in such matters for years. There have been plenty of such men who have had the wider vision, and in the face of misunderstanding and even opposition have preached the gospel of the kingdom as a complement of the gospel of the individual. Within the last few years, however, the Church has made decided advance in these particulars. Most of the denominations of real significance have taken steps looking toward exercising larger influence in the social revolution. The Protestant Episcopal Church has its Labor, the Presbyterian Church its Department of Church and Labor, the Methodists have a Federation of Social Service, the Congregational and Baptist denominations have Commissions at work in the same field. At the recent meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America a noteworthy report was made on "the Church and modern industry," calling for resolutions which were unanimously adopted by that council. These resolutions are too lengthy to be quoted in full, but certain sections of them are so significant that they should be here published.

9. We deem it the duty of all Christian people to concern themselves directly with certain practical industrial problems. To us it seems that the churches must stand—

For equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.

For the right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance, a right ever to be wisely and strongly safeguarded against encroachments of every kind. For the right of workers to some protection against the hardships often resulting from the swift crises of industrial change.

For the principle of conciliation and arbitration in industrial dissensions.

For the protection of the worker from dangerous machinery, occupational disease, injuries and mortality.

For the abolition of child labor.

For such regulations of the conditions of toil for women as shall safeguard the physical and moral health of the community.

For the suppression of the "sweating system."

For the gradual and reasonable reduction of the hours of labor to the lowest practicable point, and for that degree of leisure for all which is a condition of the highest human life.

For a release from employment one day in seven.

For a living wage as a minimum in every industry, and for the highest wage that each industry can afford.

For the most equitable division of the products of industry that can ultimately be devised.

For suitable provision for old age of the workers and for those incapacitated by injury.

For the abatement of poverty.

10. To the toilers of America and to those who by organized effort are seeking to lift the crushing burdens of the poor, and to reduce the hardships and uphold the dignity of labor, this council sends the greeting of human brotherhood and the pledge of sympathy and of help in a cause which belongs to all who follow Christ.

In addition to that, the council made certain recommendations looking toward arousing its constituent churches to a recognition of the present social reconstruction and stimulating theological seminaries to establish courses looking toward the instruction of future ministers in social affairs.

Criticisms of the Social Interests of the Church.

This new attitude on the part of the Church is exposed to two criticisms. On the one side there are those who think it is not the function of the Church to deal with any social or economic matters. They would be right if by such criticism were meant that it was not the business of the Church to turn itself into a sociological lectureship. But how can there be just criticism of any movement which looks toward the establishment of Christian principles and fraternity in the industrial world? The only person who can find fault with such a purpose would be either the one who mistakes rigid orthodoxy for faith, or that other, fortunately far rarer, church member who does not want Christian principles introduced into his business because they would cut into his dividends.

The other criticism comes from those who are impatient at what they call the indefiniteness of the Church's interest in the social questions. Such persons,

VACATION SCHOOLS ARE A FAR CRY FROM DOGMAS. JEW AND GENTILE ALIKE ARE KEPT OFF THE STREETS AND TAUGHT TO PLAY

however, as a rule, really want the Church either to come out explicitly for Socialism or would make the pulpit little more than a place for the discussion of the rights of labor. But it must be evident to most persons that the Church has its field in the region of religion rather than in politics and economic agitation. Its chief business is not to adopt this or that reform, but to produce men and women who will bring the spirit of brotherhood into all the relations of life. Once let the social mind get thoroughly Christianized and reforms are sure to come. It would be a mistake for the Church to champion any definite political or economic program, but the Church is coming to see that it is equally an inexcusable mistake not to stand for social as well as individual ethics.

Social Work Inspired by the Church.

Beside the work done by churches as such, there is an extraordinary amount of activity carried on by men in different organizations. There are conferences each year, like that at Sagamore Beach, Massachusetts, and the Council of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom in New York. There is the American

Institute of Social Service organized by Josiah Strong. There are innumerable local societies grouping themselves about the Young Men's Christian Associations and individual churches all over the country. The Young Men's Christian Association, although not committed to any theory of social reconstruction, is studying constantly the social teachings of Jesus and their applicability in the present day. Theological seminaries are adding courses on sociological topics. Some clergymen are becoming Christian Socialists. And as far as literature is concerned, there is no literature of serious sort that meets a more insistent demand than books on the relations of Christianity and society, unless it be books treating of the relation of religion and health. University settlements, although in some cases they have broken free from the Church, are in many cases adopting a more positive religious attitude and are coming into larger sympathy with the churches. The Anti-Saloon League and the Prohibition Party are composed almost entirely of church members, and their great success at the polls is already causing the liquor interests anxiety.

Such facts as these ought to make men feel that the Church is not only rendering Red Cross service to that struggle we call civilization, but is also doing something to mitigate the fierceness of the struggle itself. It will take time for these agencies to work out their results, but results are sure to come.

The fact is, the day has come when indiscriminate criticism of the Church for indifference to its social obligations argues either that one knows little of the subject or that in someone's judgment the Church is not doing things in the way the critic would like to have them done. Unless all signs fail Christianity is entering, yes, has already entered, upon a new era in which it will be no less devoted to the individual, no less insistent upon his moral and religious advance, but in which it will also have still larger vision and will see that its duty also includes the evangelization of social forces and institutions.

THE LONG ROAD

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

SULLEN sky and sullen sea,
Gull aflit below;
Now my love has gone from me,
Let him turn and go.

Bubbles curding through the piles,
Crawling sea before.
Nay, I love you not, my lad,
We will dream no more.

Sullen sky and sullen sea,
Treacly, oozing foam;
There's the empty offing,
And the long road home.

Spinal Maginnis

Literary Uplifter

By John Patrick Mackenzie

Illustrated by A. W. Grann

"AH, h'm, h'm, h'm, h'm! . . . Wilkinson, read 'The Hunter of the Prairies,' page seventy-nine."

Dr. William Tassie, M.A., LL.D., head master of Galt school, uttered the words sonorously, like a challenge, to the new lower third, and almost made the ten Berserkers falter. It was the first time they had met "Old Bill" in the intimate relation of teacher and pupil, although they had frequently encountered him on questions of deportment, and rosined palms and steeled hearts were ready for the test.

Gabby Wilkinson, the fluent, caught his breath and made a dive into the long lines, reeling them off in a masterly monotone until he reached "Here *with* my rifle and my steed——"

"*Herewith!*" thundered Doctor Tassie. "That will do, sir! Herewith, or at least forthwith, I will attend to your case. Dixon, continue."

Harry Dixon, alias Dixonary, and regarded as the infallible authority on words, never got beyond the first monosyllable, "Ay," which he gave with the "long a" sound.

"B!" Dr. Tassie briefly commented. "Next."

Chummy Jones afterwards maintained that Harry had mispronounced it purposely, but he followed manfully.

"Eh! What?" demanded the Doctor, and when Fat Jack Smith fatuously followed his companions in error, glowered at him with the inquiry, "Eh? This is freedom?" and turned to Yankee Dickinson.

That free and independent spirit, evidently liked the sentiment of the poem, and plunged in unafraid, getting as far as "Ay, this is freedom!" before the irate Doctor could check his republican tongue. Duck Wilson also fell, and it was not until Chick Wallace's turn came that the offending monosyllable got the pronunciation of "long i" which Dr. Tassie wanted. Chick achieved the rendition of the poem as

far as "Here with *my* rifle and *my* steed," but a sharp glance from the dominie and a "Yes, yes! *my* own, *my* very own rifle; *my* own, *my* very own steed," marked his finish. But Chick was the champion boxer of the lower school, and had a sturdy native force of character that the doctor respected, and instead of the impending storm that all felt was hovering, he only added, "I am not surprised that you, Wallace, descended from a race of horsemen, should feel a personal interest in the steed."

It began to look like a general panic, and they well knew that the tawse got in its deadliest work when that calamity struck a class.

Even now, if Showinoff Mackenzie could have done as well, the day might have been saved for the Berserkers, but Showinoff, following his unfortunate destiny, pinned his faith to the ringing tone in which he cried, "Ay, this is freedom!" entirely ignoring Chick's correct pronunciation, and smashing to bits Dr. Tassie's patience.

The gentlemanly, if exacting and sarcastic Dr. Tassie, before their eyes became transformed in a moment to the implacable despot known as "Old Bill." As when the djinn of the legend, released from the jar, expanded to dimensions of overshadowing terror above the cowering fishermen, so Dr. Tassie seemed visibly to be augmented above the scared Berserkers. Flushed face, flashing eyes, clenched hands, swelling veins on forehead, and springy poise on toes augured ill for them, and they shrank into their seats.

With awful front, Dr. Tassie, drew from his desk the tawse, triple lashed and hardened by fire. Age could not stale nor custom wither this black instrument of torture, and placing it in his coat tail pocket he strode back to the class.

Harry Freeman faced the enemy with the dogged Anglo-Saxon courage which never knows when it is beaten. Although filled to overflowing with that spirit of uncompromising resistance to compulsory education which later won for him the unchallenged record for all time of a licking a day for ten consecutive days in the Cæsar class, Harry was a lover of books as well as of his fellows, and had it in him to stop the rout for the sake of the class if he had any sort of luck. He was familiar with the verses and showed an appreciation of the sentiment as far as he went. But, unfortunately, Dr. Tassie was a stickler for "wynd," and Harry's father had taught him to pronounce it "wind," even in poetry, so he went down with the rest.

"Winded!" was the sotto voce comment.

And so it came to Spinal, and dire disaster could not be far behind him.

But, to the blank amazement of all, recklessly ignoring his book, he spoke out with confidence, feeling, proper emphasis and a mellow Dublin accent:

"Ay, this is freedom, these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke;
The fragrant wind that through them flies
Is breathed from wastes by plow unbroke.
Here with me rifle and me steed
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green dessert——"

It was too good to last and ended in a stumble and mispronunciation which called forth a thunderous "Stop! What do you mean, sir, by green dessert? Doubtless your mind is running on fresh thistles. I do not refer to your nationality but to your asininity."

Poor Spinal would surely get a double licking. Old Bill, who was popularly supposed to have chipped off the missing corners of his front teeth in paroxysms of rage, was now surely grinding his jaws together! But Spinal, with the innocence of the lamb in the fable, said, "Please, sir, I did not learn that far."

"Learn? Where did you learn as far as you 'learned'?" and with the question an unlooked-for calm came over Dr. Tassie's classic features. Spinal's absolute plausibility had disarmed the suspicion of intentional blundering which one who knew him might well harbour, and had left the way open for returning memories of his beautiful Irish accent which had impressed Dr. Tassie most favorably.

"I learned it in Mr. Moyles' room, sir." Spinal pronounced the name with Larry's own broad Irish accent.

"And how did that happen?"

"Why, sir, when I was in the second, I was kept in one day for moving Mr. Moyles' table to the edge of his platform so that it tumbled over when he touched it"—a bottle had rolled out, but that part of the story was not for outsiders—"and, instead of flogging me, he said he would read to me some of the gems from the reader I should have if I ever by chance got into the third. 'The Slave's Dream' was one, and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus' another, and 'To a Waterfowl.' But when he got to the 'Hunter of the Prairies' he repeated that line about the rifle and the steed over and over, making me say it after him. Mr. Moyles made me imagine myself hunting with rifle and steed, and when he thought that I had the meaning he said that it was the best day's work he had ever done with me and let me go."

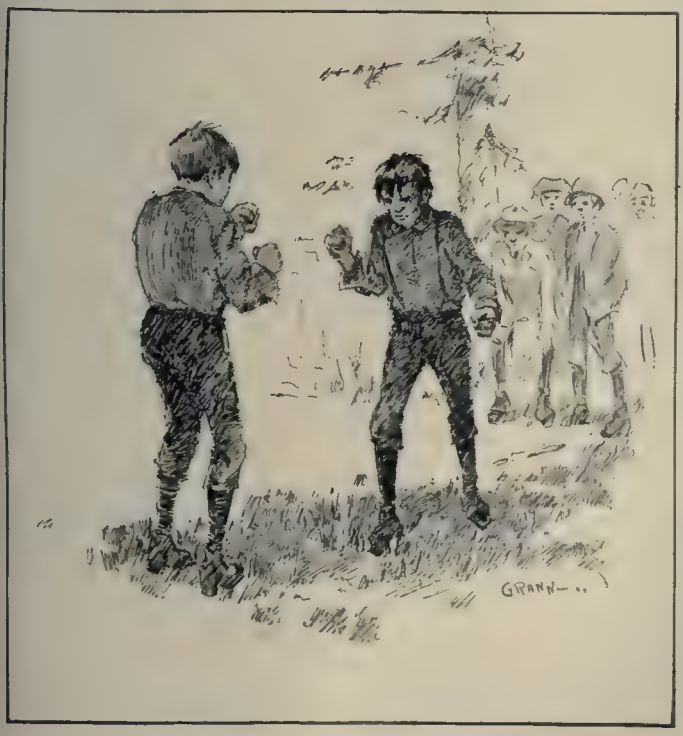
"I do not know which to admire most," said Dr. Tassie, "your power of imitation or your ingenuousness. I must say Mr. Myles' method of punishment had some advantages. Time is up. The class is dismissed. All report to me after school."

As they filed off to Miss Crawford's room for their French lesson all felt that punishment was only deferred.

"I wish he had given us our licking now so that we could go swimming after school," Spinal grunted. "It will take him an hour to get through with us all."

"Ay, this is freedom," Harry Freeman muttered as the class assembled before Dr. Tassie's desk after four o'clock.

The conversation as they waited there was naturally on the subject of flogging. Yankee had related with pride how once, when mispromoted for a day to the lower third (because of deceptively rapid growth it was and not on account of qualifications), he had read "It *was* a summer's evening. Old Caspar's work was done," and had received a poor licking ("poor" was the superlative) punctuated with "Old Bill's" "It was, so it was"; and Chummy was telling how last year's lower third had been flogged from head to foot for the mispronunciation of Italy. "Not I-t-t-l-e-y, Ittle-ly" (a cut with each letter and syllable) "but I-t-a-l-y, I-ta-ly" — when the oppressor appeared.



"KEEP BACK, FELLOWS," SHOUTED ONE OF THE BAIKIES, "FIRECRACKERS CAN DO HIM UP"

In his hand he carried a red book, which he informed them was the new fifth reader, just issued to the upper school, and, holding it respectfully in his left hand and adjusting his glasses precisely with his right, he announced that he was about to punish according to Mr. Myles' plan, by reading one of Macaulay's lays.

"Horatius" was new to most of them, and fear, distrust, and the

memory of past injury all were forgotten as they revelled in the stirring lines, interpreted with a scholarly diction and a richness of voice which it would be hard to surpass.

It was a new and more heroic world that opened before the ten as they left the schoolhouse that afternoon. The two second form boys laboriously paddling a heavy scow out in the middle of the broad river became gentlemen adventurers of the Spanish Main in the light of Harry Dixon's quotation, "They were the first that ever burst into that silent sea." Creek boys had never before been known to break the rule which forbade them from going out on the river above the dam, until regularly tried by a big boy and certified as river boys.

Our worthies, happy in their unheard-of immunity, were laughing at the small boys' cheek when they heard Dr. Tassie's deep "Ah, h'm! h'm!" and looked around with a start. His eagle eye took in the situation at a glance. Some fifth form boys were just coming out of school. Turning to them, he said, "Ryerson, can you swim well?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go down to the river, swim out to those boys and bring them to me at the house."

The ten ran off, not feeling free to laugh in his presence, Dr. Tassie remaining to make clear to the navigators in which direction they must paddle. It really made very little difference, for they were too small to make much progress in the heavy scow; but Ryerson, being a strong swimmer, towed them ashore, making a fitting beginning of the career of life-saving which he has since followed at home and on South African battlefields.

It is a remarkable fact that with all the freedom permitted to the boys, both large and small, an instance was never known of one being drowned at Galt school. Indeed, Dr. Tassie never appeared to have any fear of such a calamity. Tradition says that he once replied with a grim smile to an anxious mother, who was alarmed on learning that there were no bounds at Galt except as regarded the town, "My dear madam, there is no danger. Galt boys never dare to get drowned. They fear the tawse too much."

As our heroes ran down the long hill, Yankee in the lead, Chummy shouted "Mainwaring the Second." This was the very hill down which, according to the school traditions, a ruddy-haired boy had sped day after day; ever flying faster on the steep slope as his muscles became stronger and more supple, until at length, having outstripped all his fellows, he sought swifter rivalry and won a great name, thereafter to be pronounced reverently as a Greek might that of the swift-footed Achilles, and coupled as his with the story of his fame, thus, (with the accent on the penult) "Main-*war*-ing that kept up with the train." From the water tank to the station he ran a dead heat. What time had he to tell them that the correct pronunciation was Mannering, when locomotives were to be raced? And so it went at that.

And at the foot of the long hill stood Blain's mill. Was there not a hot fight around a mill at Waterloo? And here, said legends, various but uniting to agree on the main fact of victory, Miller and Ryan, the greatest fighters the school had ever known, drove in headlong rout dozens, or scores (or was it hundreds?) of the hated Baikie Apes.

Even as they stopped to recount these Homeric stories they saw a party of unmistakable Baikies turn into Goose Hollow.

Every Galt boy remembers that delightful lane, which in those days diverged from the main road, ran to an apex at the orchard where the old Frenchwoman sold "ze sweet apeel or ze sour apeel" according to taste, and brought one back again to the road at the mill.

So far, they had cautiously avoided the common enemy, the town boys, leaving to the bigger boys the glory of maintaining the honour of the school in periodic fights. But a new spirit had taken possession of them, and, though they ran violently down the steep hill, it did not seem to be a demoniac, but rather an heroic spirit, for the glory of battle was in their hearts.

Harry Freeman shouted:

"I, with two more to help me, can keep the foe at play,
In yon straight path a thousand may well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand and keep the lane with me?"

This seemed a very fitting sentiment. So Harry, Spinal and Showinoff turned into the lane, and several boys followed. Yankee, who since his recent promotion had quickly found in Euclid fit food for his logical mind, cried "Any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third," and led the others to the far end of the lane and cut off the foe in that direction. They did not seem to need much cutting off; for, hearing the pursuit, they turned back, about as many as the united party, and, before Showinoff knew it he was around the bend of the lane and facing the leader. A fearless-eyed, firm-standing, deep-chested boy he was; somewhat shorter than his opponent, but with a natural fighter's poise, which caused doubts as to the glory of war to arise in Showinoff's mind. And when one of the Baikies called out, "Keep back, fellows, Firecrackers can do him up," his knees fairly knocked together; for great was the fame of Firecrackers, the young Baikie champion. Being the foremost of the party there was nothing to do but put up his hands in an awkward imitation of the first principles of boxing as shown him by a big brother during the last holidays.

Both sides halted to see the combat. Harry declaimed "But will ye dare to follow if Astur leads the way?" Showinoff wished he would quit quoting Horatius: it would look so much worse to get beaten after that.

Firecrackers had landed twice on his uncertain guard, and he felt sure the next one would reach his nose or eyes, when the cry went up among the Baikies, "Miller and Ryan! Miller and Ryan!" In reality it was Yankee, who was tall for his age, and Fatty, who was very broad for his, appearing in the rear in advance of their party. It must have been the error of an imagination disordered by excitement, but it served to save the day. The Baikies fled by a flank movement, over a fence and through a garden—all but Firecrackers. He stood his ground for a moment, and then, scorning to retreat, made a feint at his opponent, upsetting him by a kick on his trembling legs, dodged Spinal and pushed him into Harry, went through the others like the last man free at prisoner's base—and ran plump into Dr. Tassie, who stepped into view just as Firecrackers went to turn the corner of the high board fence.

"What's this? What's this?" he exclaimed as he collared the boy.

"We were playing 'Horatius at the Bridge,' sir," said Harry, who, in his enthusiasm, seemed to have lost all fear of Dr. Tassie.

"Ah, which is Horatius?"

"The boy you are holding is most like him, I think, sir. At least, he was facing us alone."

"You do not mean to say that you would fight a town boy, ten to one?"

"No, sir. He and Showinoff were to have a single combat. The rest of them ran away when some of their side called out 'Miller and Ryan'."

"Miller and Ryan? There were two boys of those names who left here some time ago. Fighters, too, if I remember aright."

"Yes, sir; and, you see, they are still fighting for the school."

"To be sure," said Dr. Tassie, with a faraway look. "The Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome. That is another of Macaulay's Lays which I must read to you for your next punishment."

Then, to Showinoff's speechless amazement and dismay, he said to Firecrackers, "My fine fellow, would you like to fight it out with our champion? I will see fair play."

Firecrackers turned to him with a look of defiance and replied, "I'm no Tassie ape that has to fight when you say so, you old bloke." Oh, how they respected and envied him! Dr. Tassie released his hold in consternation, and Firecrackers slowly backed away and turned the corner, still facing back and making signs of contempt as he disappeared.

"And even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer," as Harry put it.

"From one point of view," said Dr. Tassie, "you may be Etruscans; but, from another, you are Romans: for 'The gods who live forever have fought for Rome to-day'."

That was a memorable day when Dr. Tassie came down from Olympus and walked with men on earth.

He strode on ahead slowly and majestically, leading Spinal by the ear, and talking to him with an interest which they had never seen him show in any boy before. The others followed at a respectful distance. At the gate he stopped to finish what he was saying, and, although they slackened their pace as much as possible, was still talking as they came up. He was saying "The peroration of his review of Mitford's History of Greece is, to my mind, unsurpassed," when he spied Ryerson hurrying up with the captured navigators and grinning as he came.

"Ah, Ryerson," said Dr. Tassie. "What were they doing when you rescued them? Scanning the horizon for a sail?"

"No, sir; they were singing 'The Cruise of the Mary Jane.' That is, Evans was, and Baker joined in the chorus."

Dr. Tassie was surely mellowing, for, instead of leading the two small boys away to punishment, he said, "I would like to hear a song that has power to sustain the heart through such peril. Come to the play room and sing it. These boys will form an audience."

Young Evans was web footed, and destined to become Skipper Evans, the greatest sailor on inland American waters, so he was able to forget Dr. Tassie's awe-inspiring presence, and the unsympathetic critics around him, and sing the old lake chantey, putting all the wail and sigh of the breeze into it. The two cabalistic words, "Skilligalee and Wobbleshanks," with which this riotous song captures the attention in so uproarious a fashion, stand in the lake sailors' lingo for two well-known geographical points—Isle aux Galets and Waugochance lighthouse, but it has never yet been made known to a lansdman what part of a vessel the juba-ju is.

At Skilligalee and Wobbleshanks, the entrance to the lake,
We might have passed the whole fleet if they'd hove to and wait;
We drove them right before us, the prettiest ever you saw,
Right down into Lake Huron through the Straits of Mackinaw.

CHORUS.

Watch her! Cotch her! jump up on her juba ju,
Oh! give her a sheet and let her boil, the boys'll put her through.
You ought to 'ave seen her howling as the wind was blowing free,
On her passage down to Buffalo from Milwau-kee-ee-ee.

Abreast of Port Huron, both anchors we let go,
And we signalled for the Sweepstakes to take us all in tow.
The Huntress put a stern line out to give us more relief,
And the Aigle de Mar ran slap bang into the stern of the Maple Leaf.

We sailed down Lake Erie while the wind was blowing free,
Until we passed Long Point and left Port Colborne on the lee.
What's that, my boys, before us, like a meteor bright and clear?
Right before us like a blazing star is the light on Buffalo pier.

Dr. Tassie had evidently taken a sudden fancy to Spinal, whom he marched off by the ear once more when the song was ended. Spinal, as he passed from sight, winked with his off eye while he gazed at his captor confidingly with the nigh one. Chummy said, "Old Bill little knows what he is going up against when he chums with Mr. Maginnis." Spinal did not come back to earth that afternoon, but at tea time he was seen sitting at the head of the table eating jam with great dignity out of Dr. Tassie's private jam pot. After tea, the only explanation he would give them was that "Old Bill" admired his Irish accent.

No Irish accent, however, would account for Spinal's industry during the following week, and nothing could wile him from his mysterious labours. He was "kept in," and when anybody asked him questions he merely smiled exasperatingly.

A fifth-form boy shared his confinement one day on account of the unreasonably obscure way in which Xenophon wrote his Greek. He owned

"FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW," SAID DR. TASSIE, "YOU MAY BE ETRUSCANS; FOR 'THE GODS WHO LIVE FOR EVER HAVE FOUGHT FOR ROME TO-DAY'." HE STRODE AHEAD SLOWLY AND MAJESTICALLY, LEADING SPINAL BY THE EAR

the only name in the whole school which was admitted to be better than any nickname—Mungo Strathbogie—and was a recent importation from Scotland, already known to fame as the singer of a ditty about

> Cauld kail in Aberdeen,
> And kail kastocks in Stra'bogie.
> Ilka lass maun hae her lad,
> But I maun hae ma cogie.

and as the perpetrator, under excitement, of a wonderful broad Scotch dialect which had made him a standing joke so that he had only to open his mouth to provoke a general uproar. Stretching himself and yawning after a protracted wrestle with the famous Greek, Mungo observed Spinal and was glad, much as was that famous prisoner who made friends with a mouse.

"Say, arena you the youngster they call Spinal Maginnis that always says words wrang? What's that you're grinding at?"

Without waiting for permission he investigated, and shook his head portentously.

"Macaulay on Mitford's History of Greece? Ay! Dinna let them get any stuff like that into your head, boy. It's a shame the language was ever invented. 'The immortal influence of Athens' forsooth! I should say 'The immoral influence of Athens'."

"Aw, go on!" answered Spinal scornfully, but his eyelid flickered upward for an instant as might that of a mule that had been persuaded to refrain from kicking for an unconscionable period.

Next day the school assembled in the main hall to be displayed before the Provincial Inspector of Schools, who was an important personage and an enthusiast on Greek literature, and with him was a party of prominent Toronto ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were visiting the noted school for the first time.

Dr. Tassie bowed to the visitors in courtly wise, and spoke in his most sonorous tones.

"Mr. Inspector, ladies and gentlemen, I can not better introduce to you our school than by means of a recitation by one of our lower school pupils, which will embody the ideals of our scholars better than could be conveyed in any words of mine. Roderick MacPherson, recite the passage in Macaulay's review of Mitford's History of Greece, beginning, 'If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition'."

To say that Spinal shone would be far short of the truth. Language is inadequate to describe the wonder of his performance. He had been carefully coached by Larry Myles, it turned out, and, for some mysterious reason, had evidently put in a lot of hard work himself; while the memory necessary to do what he did was something which he had never been suspected of having.

The whole school sat fairly stunned as he spoke familiarly of "The brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humour of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakespeare." But the fifth form boy who had been kept in on account of Xenophon squirmed when Spinal boldly asserted that all these had sprung directly or indirectly from the great works of Athenian genius.

His hearers were almost moved to tears when he stated that "wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been the spirit of Athens in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney."

Dr. Tassie beamed as Spinal went on swimmingly, "Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain—wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immoral influence of Athens."

It has been said that the Scots are not quick at the uptake, but Mungo was ready and waiting. He let out a raucous Doric whoop which, amid uncontrollable laughter, was echoed by the whole school.

Old Bill's expression of complacency

changed to pale rage. Raising his hand he stopped the performance and beckoned to Spinal to follow him with almost one gesture, and, after calling on Herr Von Post to review the upper fourth form in German, he made a courtly bow to the visitors and hastened from the hall, unable to trust his voice to further speech.

What passed there was gathered, bit by bit, from Spinal as time softened the memory. The tawse of course supplied the punctuation.

"You — young — varlet — I'll — teach — you — not — to — play — your — pranks — on — me. I — told — you — that — it — must — be — right — to — a — t."

Here the outraged educator stopped for lack of words to express his disgust, and Spinal managed to falter, "Please, sir, it was right to a 't.' That was where it went wrong."

The argument was unanswerable, and all Dr. Tassie could say was, "You get no prize. Remain here until I give you permission to go. I would not have the visitors set eyes on you again."

It appeared that Dr. Tassie, impressed with Spinal's confidence and acquired accent, had tempted him with what proved to be his price as a bribe for preparing and delivering the peroration. Spinal, much to his mother's disappointment, had never brought home a prize during the years which he had spent at Galt, and, when promised a special prize for elocution, "a very handsome volume," it was too much for him, and he decided at once to become a "poler" just for a week. The vein of talent which he discovered startled even himself; the hard work which he plodded through without complaint surprised his best friends; and then to lose the prize "just because of the fussiness of a centaurious old ruffian."

Sentiments of sympathy and resentment were generally expressed as Spinal told his wrongs to the back room, but Chummy, "official censor of Spinalisms", felt it his duty to correct his friend's language.

" 'Censorious' you mean, dear boy.'

"No, I don't. 'Centaurious' is the word I used."

"There's no such word," Satan Nixon ventured.

"There isn't, eh? Look it up."

Spinal's absolute brazenness of manner would have convinced anyone that he was putting up a colossal bluff. The guileless Satan grasped a dictionary and was awestruck to find the definition positively uncanny in its fitness, "being a man and acting like a brute."

However in the end Dr. Tassie acted with manly generosity. Mrs. Tassie had said, "The poor boy! He deserves his prize for filling his head with all that stuff." And at the end of the term Spinal proudly bore home a very handsome volume of Macaulay's essays and poems inscribed: "Presented to Roderick Duncan MacPherson. Special prize for elocution 'right to a t'."

HOME-COMING

BY JOHN DUNCAN HOWE

I AM come back where first I saw the morning;
I, who was lonely to sleep here at home.
The old house is the same; the sun shines gaily:
The little fields are fenced and raked and mown.
But oh, the open and wide reaching prairie!
And the thistle-down far blown!

What Whitman Learned From the East

BEING A STUDY IN SOME CURIOUS SIMILARITIES

By Elsa Barker

I AM not accusing Whitman of plagiarising from the Oriental writers in what I have to say about the Oriental elements in Whitman's poems To accuse a student of Eastern literature of borrowing, for instance, from the Bhagavat-Gita, would be similar to accusing a Christian of borrowing from the Sermon on the Mount should he express kindred sentiments and emotions.

But it is not to the Hindoos, and it is not to the Hebrews that we must look for the special affinities of Walt Whitman. We must look to the Persians. Though certain mental and emotional tendencies that we find dominant in Whitman (and perhaps in no other Western writer) are common to all the Oriental nations, yet the most striking resemblance to Whitman in the expression of these tendencies we find in the Persian poets. And when I say the Persian poets I do not mean Omar Khayyam. There is no affinity, so far as I can see, between Whitman and Omar. The old tent-maker was an agnostic, in the most modern sense of the term; Whitman was a devotee, a democratic dervish. He was a nineteenth century brother of Nizami and Attar.

But before I show, by the analysis of particular poems and by a few parallel passages, some of the more special correspondences between Whitman and certain of the Oriental poets, both Persian and Hindoo, I would like to say something about the dominant general characteristics of the Orientals which we find reflected in Whitman.

In nearly all of the Oriental writers we notice certain mental and temperamental qualities and certain peculiarities of method which we also find in Whitman, and which we do not find in any other Western writer.

First among these qualities of the Orientals is the tendency to meditate—to ruminate, one may say—an idea or a feeling until it is thoroughly assimilated; to contemplate in a self-abandonment that makes them one with the object of their contemplation, whether that be the Divine Essence, another human being, a mountain, or an earthworm. This we see also everywhere in Whitman. For an example, read his poem "Salut Au Monde." Outside of the works of Whitman this contemplative identification of self with the All that surrounds and penetrates the self is almost unknown in the Occident.

Another Oriental quality is the gift of rhapsody, of ecstasy, which grows out of this meditation or contemplation. It is shown in the songs of the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva, that marvel of Hindoo beauty; it is shown in a lesser degree in some of the Odes of Hafiz· it is shown also in the expression of the joys of the Persian mighty moun-

tain Kaf, "whereon hinges the world," at the end of the Road traveled by the dauntless souls in "The Bird Parliament" of Attar; it is shown over and over again in the poetry of Walt Whitman. With the Orientals this ecstasy generally flows toward the Divine Being or the expression of the Divine Being in human form; with Whitman it is sometimes the joy in the Divine, sometimes the joy in another human being, sometimes the joy in himself, sometimes the ecstasy in Nature—as in his rhapsody to night and the earth:

"I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and the sea half-held by the night.
Press close, bare-bosomed night—press close, magnetic nourishing night!
Night of the south winds—night of the few large stars!
Still nodding night—mad, naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed earth—rich apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes."

A third quality of the Orientals is passiveness of the soul in the power of the Great Law, or God. This reaches its ultimate in the soul of the Hindoo. He is in the hands of his God and of the karma of his past births. He knows no revolt. Only the demons, to the Indian mind, revolt against the Great Law. The revolters are never in India as in the West—as in Prometheus and other Occidental conceptions—the liberators. No, the revolters are the demons, in India. And Whitman is passive as the Hindoo in the hands of his Deity. He points ever onward, and onward; but it is with him always because it is the Great Law that we shall go onward. He realizes the beauty and the use of all the religions of all the priests from the beginning. He says:

"I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over.
My faith is the greatest of faiths and the least of faiths,
Enclosing worship ancient and modern and all between ancient and modern;
Believing I shall come again upon the earth after five thousand years,
Waiting responses from oracles, honoring the gods, saluting the sun,
Making a fetich of the first rock or stump, powwowing with the sticks in the circle of obis,
Helping the llama or brahmin as he trims the lamps of the idols,
Dancing yet through the streets in a phallic procession, rapt and austere in the woods of a gymnosophist,
Drinking mead from the skull-cup to Shastas and Vedas admirant, minding the Koran,
Walking the teokallis, spotted with gore from the stone and knife, beating the serpent-skin drum,
Accepting the gospels, accepting Him that was crucified, knowing assuredly that he is divine,
To the mass kneeling or the puritan's prayer rising, or sitting patiently in a pew,
Ranting and frothing in my insane cries, or waiting dead-still till my spirit arouses me,
Looking forth on pavement and land, or outside of pavement and land,
Belonging to the winders of the circuit of circuits,
One of that centripetal and centrifugal gang, I turn and talk like a man leaving charges before a journey."

Expressing his faith, and his passiveness in the hands of the powers, he says:

"I do not doubt interiors have their interiors, and exteriors their exteriors, and that the eyesight has another eyesight, and the hearing another hearing, and the voice another voice.
I do not doubt that the passionately wept deaths of young men are provided for, and that the deaths of young women and little children are provided for.
(Do you think life was so well provided for, and Death, the purport of all Life, is not well provided for?)
I do not doubt that wrecks at sea, no matter what the horrors of them, no matter whose wife, child, husband, father, lover, has gone down, are provided for, to the minutest points.
I do not doubt that whatever can possibly happen anywhere at any time, is provided for in the inherences of things."

Then, fourth, the great calm of Whitman. I do not think he acquired this calm from soaking himself in those writers; it was temperamental with him. It is a natural and only semi-conscious kinship I am trying to show,

not a deliberate discipleship. Whitman was not a disciple of the Orientals, nor of anyone else. He was himself, he was a dervish accidentally—or purposely, as you will—dropped here in our materialistic Western world. Being himself all love and all sympathy, he takes this world into himself and expresses the soul of it through his poems. This poise, this Eastern calm, so permeate all Whitman's work that illustrations here are unnecessary. They are everywhere in his book.

The fifth great quality that marks his relationship to the Orientals—and the quality in him which is most foreign to the Anglo-Saxon consciousness—is his simplicity and frankness in approaching the mystery of sex. To the Anglo-Saxon that is something to be apologized for—or at least to be discreetly kept out of sight. But Whitman does not exaggerate sex. He merely gives it place as one of the phenomena of life. He speaks of it as simply and naturally as he speaks of the sunrise or the sea, the day or the night. It is—that is enough for him. As he would say: That, too, is in its place—for reasons. He would have seen the super-mortal beauty of some of the Oriental poems which are considered untranslatable in full by our English Oriental scholars, such at Gita Govinda. He would have understood the story in the Vana Parva of the Mahabharata about the maiden who fell in love with the rising sun. The Children of Adam poems are Oriental in feeling, in conception, in development. No Western poet except Whitman ever would have written them, or ever could have written them. They are like the fruit of Jayadeva grafted on the trees of modern science and democracy.

So far I have shown only Whitman's fundamental unity with the Oriental writers. Now I will show more in detail the peculiar resemblance between him and certain of the poets of the East. But I can only touch upon the subject; can only give a hint, a suggestion here and there. To treat it adequately would require a volume.

Walt Whitman has been much criticized for a characteristic which has seemed to many unique in him. that of calling on himself by name in his poems (as, "What do you see, Walt Whitman," etc.) and of singing his own praises. All of the Persian poets call on themselves in their poems thus by name: Hafiz, Omar, Nizami, Jami, all of them. This has been called the Persian copyright, and the Persian poets stamped their work as their own in this way. And they are always singing their own praises.

Let us take as an illustration the Persian poet Nizami, who lived about eight hundred years ago. And I want to say again that I am not accusing Whitman of borrowing from Nizami. I do not know that he ever saw the book that I shall quote from, the Sikander Nama, which is the epic of the conquests of Alexander the Great as elaborated in Persian legend, Sikander being the Persian name for Alexander.

Turn to the opening of the Sikander Nama. It is prefaced by page after page of inscriptions of one kind and another, like Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." And I know of no other Western book so prefaced. One of these introductory chapters of Nizami's epic is called "On the pre-excellence of this book over all other books." That has a familiar sound to Whitman readers. Among many other similar passages hear these of Nizami:

"What knowest thou of the knowledge I myself express? I will strike the drum at my own door.

"With such valuable jewels of verse as mine,
The need of one jewel-appreciating constantly arises.

"I will dig diamonds from my own mine,
I will place with his soul the package of my soul.

"I am the cypress-pruner of the garden of speech.

"Like Venus, I place dirams in the balance,
But when I give—I give without weighing.

"Who has beheld over a colored rose
A nightingale of more lofty voice than I?

"I come to the banquet to illumine the assembly."

"If I had seen a rose tree better than myself,
I would have plucked from it the red or the yellow rose.

"Although in the opinions of lovers I may be bad,
Verily, best, that I myself be the beloved of myself.

"To utter virgin speech is to pierce the soul—
"Not everyone is fitted to utter speech."

To the readers of "Leaves of Grass" these quotations from Nizami need no comment.

Now let us turn to one of the greatest of Whitman's poems, "The Song of the Open Road." The student of Oriental literature is familiar with the Road. It runs through all the religious poetry of the East—the Road, the Path. And it is always an Open Road. It is the old Path trodden by the Pir of the Magians. Traveling this Road, Whitman says:

"You but arrive at the city to which you are destined, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are called by an irrestible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reached hands toward you."

Hafiz, of Shiraz, says:

" 'Tis strange, at every stage along the road,
As soon as I have eased me of my load,
I hear the jangling camel bell's refrain,
Bidding me bind my burden on again."

Whitman's cry is the eternal cry of the dervish:

"To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,
To look up or down no road but it stretches and waits for you, however long but it stretches and waits for you,
To see no being, not God's nor any, but you also go thither."

Turn to the "Bird Parliament" of Attar. Here again we find the description of the Road which must be traveled up the mighty mountain Kaf, "on which hinges the world." The Tajidar, the leader of the birds—bird being here used as a symbol of the soul—the Tajidar (one may call him gooroo, or magian, if one likes) tells his followers of the hardships and the wonders and the beauties of the Road. It is the same old road that is traveled by all Oriental devotees.

Whitman says:

"However sheltered this port and however calm these waters, we must not anchor here . . .
He going with me goes often with spare diet, poverty, angry enemies, desertions."

Hafiz says:

"Saki, give wine! And let us wander out
Upon the Road, defying fear and doubt,
To wear the beggar's gown, and nothing earn,
And go from door to door, and ne'er return."

Whitman, too, like so many of the Oriental writers, claims direct divine illumination. He says:

"Stop this day and night with me, and you shall possess the origin of all poems."

Hafiz says:

"O brother Shiah, I believe the smoke
Of one sigh of my burning heart would choke
To death those children of the canting school
Playing their game of Life by rod and rule."

Hafiz calls himself "the tongue of the tongueless, the voice of the voiceless."

All of the Sufi poets, who may be called mystic Mohametans, apostrophise the Deity as "the Beloved," the one divine and perfect lover.

Hafiz says:

"Beloved, would'st Thou manifest Thy grace?
Then from this suppliant hide not Thy face.
Heed my heart's passion, that my burning eye
May see Thine unveiled beauty ere I die!"

Whitman says:

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms,
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there."

Even in his literary method Whitman approaches the Orientals. The long lists of things in Whitman's poems that have so puzzled and troubled the critics we find in the Oriental epics. No Western poet except Whitman writes in this way.

Another Oriental—and especially Persian—characteristic of Whitman's method is his throwing in here and

there a story with no apparent relevancy to the poem he is writing. All of the epic poets of Persia do this: Firdausi, Attar, Nizami, Jami and others. "Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?" asks Whitman in the midst of his "Song of Myself." Then he proceeds to tell us of the sea-fight.

In the midst of his narrative of "Salaman and Absal," for example, Jami pauses every little while to throw in some song-story with no immediate relevancy to the narrative. He leaves Salaman and Absal to say:

"One who traveled in the Desert,
* Saw Majnum where he was sitting
All alone like a Magician
Tracing letters in the sand.
'O distracted Lover! writing
What the sword-wind of the Desert
Undeciphers so that no one
After you shall understand.'

"Majnum answered—'I am writing
Only for myself, and only
"Laila"—if forever "Laila"
Writing, in that word a Volume,
Over which forever poring,
From her very name I sip
In fancy, till I drink her lip'."

These are only two instances out of hundreds.

As I have said before, I do not know how much Whitman knew of the Persian poets, but we all know that Emerson was more or less familiar with them. And, by the way, while we are speaking of interesting parallels, I will quote something else from Attar's "Bird Parliament." The wanderers on the road have finally reached the Source of all things, Allah. Those who are familiar with Emerson's poem, "Brahma," beginning "If the red slayer thinks he slays," will be interested in these lines from Attar. Allah says:

"I was the sin that from Myself rebelled:
I the remorse that toward Myself compelled:
I was the Tajidar that led the Track:
I was the little briar that pulled you back."

We know that Emerson was always crying to his friends to study the Bhagavat-Gita, and we know that Whitman—whether he knew the Persians or not—was a deep student of the Gita. One of his executors has Whitman's copy of the Gita full of marginal marks and references. In that poem Krishna says:

"In whatever way men approach me, in that way do I assist them; and whatever the path taken by mankind, that path is mine."

Very Whitmanesque, notwithstanding the possibility of its being a few thousand years old.

Again the Gita says:

"The illuminated sage regards with equal mind an illuminated, selfish Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and an outcast who eats the flesh of dogs."

In the poem "Salut Au Monde," Whitman identifies himself with the earth, his soul with the soul of the earth, his identity with the identity of every animate and inanimate thing upon the earth or in the atmosphere around the earth. He says:

"Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens,
Asia, Africa, Europe, are to the East—America is provided for in the West,
Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator. Curiously north and south turn the axis-ends,
Within me is the longest day, the sun wheels in slanting rings, it does not set for months,
Stretched in due time within me the midnight sun just rises above the horizon and sinks again,
Within me zones, seas, cataracts, forests, volcanoes, groups, Malaysia, Polynesia, and the great West Indian Islands."

* * * * * * *

You vapors, I think I have risen with you, moved away to distant continents, and fallen down there, for reasons,
I think I have blown with you, you winds;
You waters, I have fingered every shore with you.

* * * * * * *

What cities the light or warmth penetrates I penetrate those cities myself,
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself."

In the Bhagavat-Gita, the Lord Krishna, speaking to Arjuna, says (I am quoting here and there).

"I am the ego that is seated in the hearts of all beings. I am the beginning, the middle and the end of all things. . . . . I am the origin and the dissolution, the re-

* Majnum and Laila," mythological Persian poem.

ceptacle, the storehouse, and the eternal seed. . . . . I am the cause unseen and the visible effect. . . . . Of floods I am the ocean. . . . . I am all-grasping death and the birth of those who are to be. . . . . The whole of creation springs from me as from a womb. . . . . I am the taste in water, the light in the sun and moon, sound in space, the masculine essence in men, the sweet smell in the earth, and the brightness of the fire."

I have not space for any more quotations or further elaboration of the subject; but I have said enough to show what I believe to have been the source of Whitman's inspiration. And in the final analysis, what does it matter whether he consciously or unconsciously took his own wherever he found it? The masters always do. The process of mental and emotional assimilation which these passages suggest is the process by which truth has been passed on from one age to another, from teacher to pupil, from generation to generation. If through the wide reading of his early days and his meditation thereon Whitman found El Khizr and his Well of the Water of Life, by passing it on to us he has made us so much richer. And no one can rob El Khizr. These are the old truths, the old revelations that wait for all devotees who have the courage to lift the veil.

The poet gives out to the world the wealth from the storehouse of race experience and race wisdom. Behind Whitman and behind every master poet—every "Answerer"—is the great storehouse of all the thought, and all the feeling, and all the experience, and all the aspiration of the ages. The true poet expresses many things he does not himself understand. He is the legacy of the past to the present and the future. The individual poet is but a mouthpiece for the great dumb forces behind. He is the mouth of the race-being. he is, as Hafiz says, "the voice of the voiceless." To him, as Whitman himself has said, "has been given the divine power to speak words."

EVENING

ON THE LAKE OF BAYS

BY FRANCES MOULE

THE wind comes chill from the bay to-night,
A mist creeps over the lake beyond,
And the shadowy islands sink from sight,
As night drives on.

The Queen of Heaven is veiled from view,
And the servile stars all sullenly sleep,
And yet would I watch the long night thro',
For just one star.

Be still, my heart, and cease to doubt,
For the mists *must go* when the morning sun
Shall put all the legions of dark to rout,
And day shall return to my soul.

The SCARLET STRAND

BY EDWARD B. WATERWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY EDWARD ANDERSON

SYNOPSIS

The report comes in to the Montreal papers that several mysterious murders have occurred in the North Shore woods, and the Indians believe some evil spirit in the shape of a wolf is responsible for them. At first little attention is paid to the "scare," but when a hard-headed millionaire leaves his summer cottage and says his wife has been nearly frightened out of her reason by the sight of a mysterious Thing That Limps prowling about the house, the newspapers send representatives to cover the story. Four men and one woman reporter meet on the ground, and under chaperonage of the millionaire's housekeeper take possession of his luxurious cottage, prepared to enjoy a "soft assignment." They learn that all the Indians are leaving the country, and that, as one farmer puts it, "they's somethin' we don't know about up here," but are inclined to think the panic unfounded. They cover the country, but with the exception of a Chinaman who says he is raising mushrooms in underground cellars, and whose hands are singularly well kept for a farmer's, find nothing unusual, until evening, when Morton, the deputy sheriff, gallops in, abject with terror of the werewolf, which he has met on a lonely road. The next evening when they are photographing Nora on the lawn she suddenly screams out that the werewolf is near her, but no trace of it can be found. In the shock of danger Brady realizes that he loves her and tells her so. Emmett meantime goes to develop the plate, and finds he has photographed the creature crouching to spring upon Nora. Swanson goes out to patrol the premises, meets the werewolf and goes utterly to pieces. Later in the night the thing creeps up to the front window, is fired at by Brady, but manages to make its escape. Brady follows it. Next morning all the party, except Brady, leave for civilization. The sheriff gallops up, says a white child has been murdered, and asks Brady to warn the Chinamen to leave. Brady rides into Lee Ming's yard unexpectedly, straight into a pack of lunatics, headed by the werewolf, who attack him. Lee Ming opens fire upon him, breaking his arm, but he makes his escape and joins his companions at Iroquois.

CHAPTER XI.—Concluded.

"You boys know how we went up there for the sheriff," said Brady, a trifle wearily. "Well, the minute I rode around the corner of that Chink's house I saw the whole thing, and it made me feel sick. If you could have seen the bunch of Chinamen that were grubbing in that yard—well, thank heaven you never will. They were dips—bughouse—crazy as loons, and chattering like a lot of apes. The assistant keeper was herding 'em towards a gate, when I rode in unannounced, and then the fun began, as you know."

"What in the name of the thirteen little dicky-birds were Chinese lunatics doing up there?" asked Thompson, as Brady paused.

"Wait a minute, I'm coming to that," he answered. "Lee Ming told the whole thing to the sheriff, and it sounds like—like 'She.'

"Lee Ming's a physician of note in his own country, and it seems was at one time very close to old Tsi An, the Dowager Empress. The were-wolf is —or rather was—twin brother to her son, the Emperor, who died a year or so ago. You needn't look like a human

interrogation point, Emmett—it's facts I'm giving you. Lee Ming couldn't invent such a wild tale as he told offhand, and he told it with all the look of truth.

"Tsi An was an old girl of decided opinions and iron will where her own interests were concerned. When she bore twin boys, she decided for reasons of her own to suppress the news of the double birth. One son was quite enough in the way of her intentions to keep the whip hand of the government, so she had the physicians announce the birth of the baby who later became Emperor, and kept the other twin sequestered somewhere in the rambling old palace at Pekin.

"Tsi An was not a woman to trifle with, and there were only three people who knew her secret—Doctor Lee Ming and two of her trusted counsellors. It was not likely that any of them would let the matter slip—people who did that were more than likely to die of a sudden illness pretty soon after—but somehow somebody got hold of it, and certain people who hated Tsi An were discovered to have learned of the existence of the second heir. The two counsellors died shortly after partaking of a meal at the palace, and from Lee Ming's expression when he told that part of it, I fancy he fixed up the dose himself. Anyhow, he didn't die, and she seems to have trusted him as much as she ever did anybody. There were no proofs; and those who had an inkling promptly proceeded to forget the details. It was the safest thing for them.

"But somebody in the conspiracy that was then on foot against the Empress managed to kidnap the baby and fled out of Pekin with it. Probably they meant to await the course of events, and when they had the Empress on the run produce the rightful heir; But they hadn't got very far on their humanitarian little trip when a bunch of Hung-huses swooped down on 'em and wiped the whole procession out.

"Now, here's the queer part of it. Somehow they missed the baby when they sacked the caravan, and five or six years after some hunters that were after a family of wolves that had been stealing their chickens discovered a naked child asleep in one corner of the cave where they had their lair. Sort of a Mowgli proposition, evidently—Grey Brother and the Seeonee pack and so on, you know."

"Also," remarked Thompson gravely "we have the historically established chronicle of the bringing up of Messrs. Romulus and Remus."

"Oh, I know it sounds wild," said Brady, "but wait till I get through. The Empress heard about it and had the child brought to her presence. It had a birthmark on its forehead that proved it to be the missing twin. Otherwise, it was a horrible thing, about as unhuman as anything born of woman could be. It snarled and fought with everybody who came near it, and it looked like a wolf as well as acting like one. The muscles and flesh of the face had fallen in and the lower jaw retrograded, while a long nose gave it a peculiar resemblance to its foster parents. Its feet were badly deformed and bitten, and it limped in a jerky, trailing fashion on its heels. Its hands were crooked like claws, and the nails were very long and thick from grubbing for roots. I saw 'em—they looked more like talons than hands. It didn't talk, but grunted and whined.

"I don't pretend to know why Tsi An didn't have the thing put out of its misery then and there. But whether she had any lingering remnants of motherly affection for the creature she had brought into the world, or whether the Chinese idea that a mother who kills her firstborn is doomed to horrible punishment held her murderous old hands, nobody can say now. Anyway, she didn't kill it. Instead, she appointed Lee Ming its guardian, and for some years the thing was under his care.

"From what he said, I judge the task was an unpleasant one. It got worse as it grew older, and to begin with, it was far more wolf than human. Two or three times it got away from its keepers and committed a few assorted murders. Towards Tsi An, who saw it at rare intervals, it manifested a venomous hatred until I gather that

she began to fear for her own life on some of its little excursions.

"About four or five years ago she resolved upon its banishment to a distant country as the easiest solution of the problem. Lee Ming was to chaperone it, being an educated Chinaman with experience of the ways of white folk—he says he was once connected with the Chinese embassy at Washington. Anyhow, by exercise of his wits and some cash planted where it would do the most good, he got his unsavory charge into the States, and ran him up by lake to this solitary neck of the woods, where he figured he could keep him out of the way without any trouble."

"From what I know of Chinamen," said Emmett leisurely, as Brady changed the position of his wounded arm and paused to draw breath, "Lee Ming would have given him rat poison as soon as he got out of Tsi An's sight. What did he keep him all this time for?"

"Don't know," said Brady. "Maybe he was afraid of old Tsi An; maybe the Chinese idea that anyone who sheds royal blood will spend most of his eternity in horrible torture had something to do with it. And then maybe he was too thrifty to quit a paying business. You never saw a crazy Chink, did you? Never heard of one, either? Neither did I. They're like pins and dead mules. Well, it seems that several wealthy Chinese in Frisco and other cities in the States had crazy relations that they didn't want to get into the hands of authorities, and didn't want to ship back to China. So Lee Ming started a sort of private sanitarium, and made money by keeping his mouth shut. He had about a dozen of 'em in all, and he and one assistant took care of the whole outfit. I suppose anything was better than living up here with nobody but his unpleasant royal ward for company."

"A dozen of 'em, eh?" commented Thompson thoughtfully. "That's why they had those mushroom beds then."

"Exactly. Those mushroom beds were underground barracks — you know how Chinks burrow. Seem to like living in a dark, damp, dirty hole with a second or third hand atmosphere in it. During the day Lee Ming kept 'em in there, and after dusk he turned 'em loose in his truck gardens. That's why those fields looked so well kept—there was a dozen men at work in 'em instead of two. The mushroom bed story was a likely one, and nobody thought to question it. It was far from the roadway, anyhow, and he had few visitors. This also accounted for the black clothes. They were less likely to be seen if anybody should by chance stray near the farm.

"So, as long as Lee Ming paid his bills promptly, bothered nobody, and apparently was engaged in a perfectly reasonable occupation, there was nothing about him to excite suspicion. But he overlooked one bet, and that was the were-wolf. I guess he was a pretty severe keeper, for from what I saw I judge the lunatics were scared to death of him, and he says that he thought he had them so completely under control that he got careless in the were-wolf's case. And so he didn't know until to-day that the creature, with murderous ideas surging in its crazy brain, had found a way to slip the lock and prowl around looking for victims while the rest of the gang were asleep or at work after dusk in the fields.

"I don't know whether he had the strength of the insane in his crippled condition, but I fancy it must have been his horrible appearance as much as his bodily force that made his victims helpless—like poor Swanson. The marks on the throats that looked like the marks of nothing known were the marks of those horrible claws of his, and I suppose when he grabbed 'em he tore the jugulars. His lameness, of course, made him walk with that trailing motion we thought so significant, and his deformed feet were covered with a sort of crude boot like what they make for dogs, so that he left unrecognizable tracks. Morton was right about meeting him that night you see. If he had fired his revolver he might have solved the problem then."

"M-m!" commented Thompson. "Wish he had. Eric's done for, I guess."

"WELL," SAID THOMPSON DREARILY, "I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU, STEVE, OLD MAN, AND YOU TOO, NORA. I WISH YOU BOTH LUCK"

"How is he?" asked Brady. "No better?"

"No. I'll tell you about him later. Finish up this yarn first."

"Well, I'm about through. You see, the whole thing is perfectly natural and explainable. The fetid odor Nora noticed when we were taking the flashlight is quite in keeping, and the howl he gave after I caught him peeping in at the window. I suppose I must have missed him when I fired, and Nora must have missed, too. Probably his being foiled in his attack on her made him all the more bloodthirsty and kept him hanging around our place. It's likely he was close by when we were hunting for him that night. By the way, I found out why Lee Ming wouldn't sell us milk. He fed the dips

on it—and then, of course, he didn't want any new acquaintances."

"What happened when you got in among 'em?" asked Emmett. "I just got the rough facts from the sheriff. Did the Chink go for you?"

"Did he! The minute I discovered the crowd, Lee Ming jumped for the house. He hadn't asked me to stop the first time I was over there with Morton, but this time I could see that he wanted me to stay, and wanted me very badly. He didn't intend to have any raiding of his place. He got me in the arm, and that's all. I charged into the bunch of deputies just in time. The boys were wild over the death of that little Flossie girl. So when I came galloping into the middle of 'em with the rifle bullets cutting the leaves over my head, they didn't stop to argue. They made one charge for the Chink's, and the county was saved the problem of what to do with the lunatics. They'd got away from Lee Ming, anyway, and the whole pack had come streaming down to the gate after me, yelping like dogs. The doctor's amiable intention, it appears, had been to send his assistant after me on horseback with a rifle, and as he had the better horse he'd probably have landed me. But the charge of the lunatics, led by our friend of the night, interfered with his plans. The werewolf had grabbed up an axe and was going to have a nice little party with me. But your friend Morton redeemed himself, Thompson. He was first through the gate with a double-barrelled shotgun, and the heir to the throne of China got both loads straight in the face. There was barely enough left to show the resemblance to a wolf.

"The rest of them fell at the posse's volley. Poor wretches! It was a relief for most of them, I guess—and you can't blame the farmers for firing. It got on their nerves, same as it did on ours. And the very sight of that inhuman pack yelping for blood was enough to start the men shooting at once. Bennett told me afterwards he didn't know whether it was man or beast he was firing at—all he knew was that he had to kill or be killed."

"What was Lee Ming up to all this time?" asked Thompson. "Did he keep up his firing?"

"No. Lee Ming and the assistant stepped discreetly into the house when the posse appeared. I couldn't get down to Iroquois right away, for my arm was throbbing too much for me to ride. But the sheriff got an auto, which brought up the coroner, and the final ceremonies were simple but effective. Justifiable homicide in self defence and in upholding the law was the verdict rendered immediately by an impromptu jury. The bodies were buried and the place burned, and Lee Ming invited to clear out to the States as quick as he can.

"And that's all. I came back with the sheriff. He's a white man. He held the story for us, as he said he would. When the coroner came up, he didn't know what had happened, so the story didn't get about the town here. I wrote the story up there—wrote at a considerable disadvantage, too, for my arm hurt like thunder—and I got here in time to catch the papers, routed the operator out of bed, and told him to duplicate it. By this time that story is in type, and maybe the bureaus won't be able to sell it, too!"

Brady stopped, and the three looked at each other in silence.

"Well," said Thompson, "there's one thing, Steve. Nora mustn't know what a close call she had—ever."

"Not on your life," said Brady.

For a moment th three mused on their recent experience, and then Thompson spoke again.

"We've seen one case of nervous breakdown on this job, and it might affect a woman even worse—though I don t think it will in this case. Here's Swanson now. The reason I asked you not to wake him is because he is so completely gone that even the explanation of the thing might set him off again. In fact, as I said, I guess he's done for—expended, finished, down-and-out as far as the newspaper game goes. I think the shock has been too much for him. This assignment has practically cost him his career, has nearly cost all of us our lives, and has given us all a jolt we will be a long time getting over.

I wonder if the reading public realizes the price at which the daily news is bought!"

"I'm going to send up for my camera and things," said Emmett. "I don't want to see the place again."

"Nor I," said Thompson, rising. "Now, Steve, you'd better get some sleep."

At the door he paused and turned. "Is there anything I can do, old man? Your arm must be mighty sore from that long delay. Wasn't it hard to stand the ride in the auto?"

"Yes," said Brady with a faint smile, "but the hardest thing to do was to keep my promise—and send that story in to all of the papers."

* * * * *

It was six weeks later, after the last echo of the were-wolf story had died away in the last leisurely maritime province newspaper, that Thompson rang the bell of the little flat where Nora and her mother lived. Nora answered the door herself and met Thompson with a laugh in her eyes and a frank grasp of the hand that made his heart beat quicker. She was unmistakably glad to see him, and as they went into the little parlor Thompson plunged directly into the thing that had brought him.

"Nora," he exclaimed impetuously, "there's something I want to tell you right now—don't go away. I love you, girl. Won't you be my wife—"

But Nora put up her hands in a quick gesture to stop him.

"Oh, don't—please don't," she cried in distress; "I—you mustn't, Mr. Thompson!"

There was the sound of an awkward cough from the adjoining room, and Brady emerged from behind the portiere.

"I'm sorry, old man," he said apologetically. "I didn't mean to do any eavesdropping stunt. I simply had this fool rubber ball of Babe's in my hand," and he held out the toy, "and I was filling it with water to give you a shower-bath. That was what Nora was laughing at when you two came in."

He glanced at Nora for confirmation, but the girl's eyes had filled with tears. He put a hand on her shoulder and drew her to him.

"Thompson," he said, "I couldn't help hearing, and I'm sorry. But—you see how it is. We fixed it up the night we took the flashlight, and we're going to be married in the spring."

Thompson's face had grown haggard, and the corners of his mouth twitched nervously. In his eyes came a look of unspeakable weariness and disappointment, and for a moment he was silent, trying to steady his voice. Then he straightened himself and became the same cool, clever, rather aloof man whom they all knew.

"Well," he said, "I want to congratulate you, Steve, old man; and you, too, Nora. I wish you both luck."

Soberly she put out her hand in answer to his, and he smiled at both of them drearily. Then he dropped her fingers and pulled out his watch.

"Well," he said, "I stopped in on the way to the office. It's six now, and I'm due on the copy desk at half-past. Good-bye."

But as he reached the door some of the instinct of his profession to recover from a blow came back to him, and he turned with a wan smile.

"Steve," he said in a warmer tone than he had used before, "you kept your promise and sent in the story for all of us when you could have scooped the bunch. It's only right you should have a scoop out of it for yourself at the last."

THE END.

Doubling the Yields in Ontario

By M. J. Patton

Illustrated with Photographs

THE farmers of Ontario are having their eyes opened to the possibilities of scientific farming. Result: The output of their farm products bids fair to double itself in the next few years.

This rejuvenation of agriculture is primarily due to the efforts of one man, C. C. James, the deputy minister of agriculture for the province. During his term of office he has been unremitting in his attack upon one of the hardest problems an administrator can face—the awakening of the indifferent farmer. Now, after twenty years of hard work, success is coming his way.

"It is easier to build a Dreadnought than an agricultural college," said Mr. James once, and in so saying he showed that he fully appreciated the magnitude of the task before him. In every age the farmer has gained the reputation of being an ultra-conservative—an apostle of the old way of doing things. Modern governments have conducted costly experiments, built agricultural colleges, and rained farming literature upon him; and the results were not encouraging. The tiller of the soil laughed at your professor of agriculture and frankly told him to his face that he couldn't earn his salt if he had to work a farm for his living. Telling wasn't worth a cent with the indifferent farmer. Like the proverbial man from Missouri, he had to be shown.

Mr. James showed him—sent a man right out on to his farm to live with him and demonstrate to him how he could make his bank account grow bigger. And that is why James succeeded. The story of just how he did it is one that is worth knowing.

The field of operations was not an unsuitable one. Ontario is a good farming province. Its land is fertile, its people are intelligent, and its climate is favorable. The population is mostly of British descent, but in a few scattered sections we find German and French settlements. The nucleus of the present population was the United Empire Loyalists, who emigrated from the United States to Canada when the thirteen colonies rebelled against Great Britain. They were a hardy class of settlers, experienced in the rough colonial life they had to lead, and their present-day descendants have not proved unworthy of them. Mr. James and his department at Toronto had a good country and a sturdy people to work with.

But there were difficulties in the way, and very serious ones. First of all, there was the attraction of the West, with its broad expanse of virgin prairie drawing the best young blood from Ontario. That produced two bad results. First, it created a great scarcity of labor, and second, it drew away the initiative and progressiveness associated with youth. That is an important consideration. When you deplete your population of young men stagnation usually follows.

Then there was the lure of the cities; the country life seemed slow and monotonous in comparison with the bustling activity of the great centres of population. What a depleting influence this was is shown by a glance at statistics. In 1872 the rural population of Ontario was 1,050,000; in 1909 it stood at exactly the same figure. The country dwellers in nearly forty years had not increased at all. During the same time the urban population increased from 375,000 to over a million and a quarter. Here, then, was the problem: how to rehabilitate a discredited calling and stop the exodus to the West and to the cities.

Mr. James faced this problem, and the upward trend of the rural population shows he is solving it. He has won out because his fundamental principle of action was sound. He reasoned that if you want the farmer to stay on his farm you must make it financially profitable for him to do so. "The great hope of improvement in the average farmer," he said, "lies not through sending him a report or a pamphlet, not through talking at him in an institute meeting, not by doing something for him on an experimental farm, but through helping him do some work on his own farm where he gets improved financial results through his own efforts."

The rest was largely a question of ways and means and persistence. Agriculturally, the province was fairly well organized. It had its agricultural societies, its farmers' institutes, its dairymen's associations and all the other familiar associations connected with the business of farming. But they did not meet the situation. Their members consisted of the widest awake, most progressive farmers in the community; the Department of Agriculture wanted to reach the stuck-in-the-rut farmer who pooh-poohed just such organizations. He was largely in the majority and had to be interested if two blades of grass were made to grow where one grew before. To overcome this difficulty Mr. James decided to send men right out on the firing line. He adopted the district representative system that had done so much towards improving agriculture in Ireland.

The district representative is an agricultural missionary waging a shirt-sleeve fight against ignorance and indifference on the farm. The Department of Agriculture drops him down in a farming community to persuade the farmers to adopt the methods he has learned at college. He is a B.S.A., which means, in Ontario, that he is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. For his field of work he is given a whole county. He is attached to the staff of the county high school, where he conducts classes in agriculture during the winter for farmers' sons. The county council is required by statute to contribute $500 towards the expenses of his work, while his salary is paid by the Department of Education.

In this way the latest wrinkles in scientific agriculture are brought from the agricultural college right to the farm. The district representative is instructed to study the possibilities of his district and its people, and in every case he has succeeded in winning their confidence by his sincerity and ability to help. He makes himself an actual part of the life of the district he serves and seizes every opportunity of inculcating the principles of farming.

You will see him at the fall fair with a crowd of interested farmers about him, showing by actual demonstration how an orchard should be sprayed, or it may be you will see him in the midst of a crowd conducting a stock judging exhibition. There he stands by the side of the cow or the horse he is using as an illustration, pointing out the good points and the bad about the animal. If you chance, some day, to be driving in the country, you may see him making a drainage survey for John Jones or showing Henry Brown how to pack his apples to get the highest market price. He is a practical hard-working expert who wins the support of the farmer every time.

It is remarkable what these enthusiastic young men are accomplishing. To cite a few actual examples of the transformations they have wrought is perhaps the best way of showing what is being done.

In Lanark County the outstanding problem for the district representative to solve was that of drainage. A large portion of the land (90,000 acres) could be made twice as profitable if it were drained. But labor was scarce, tile high in price, and the farmers did not know how to lay a ditch properly. The first step was to arouse interest so the district representative began by conducting a local newspaper campaign, giving addresses and making practical demonstrations of the benefits to be derived from under draining. One field, a particularly wet one, that lay beside a main-travelled road, was selected for demonstration purposes.

The district representative made a drainage survey of this, had it tiled and made ready for sowing. These operations, exposed to full public view, were watched and talked about as they only could be in a rural community.

The eagerly-awaited outcome did not prove disappointing. The field, which had been one of the wettest in the district, was in shape for seeding three weeks before the other fields in the neighborhood. It was planted to corn, and the crop that was harvested, grown where corn was never previously raised, was conceded to be the best within a radius of several miles.

Results then came quickly. Additional drainage demonstrations were held and requests to the district representative for assistance in planning drains came thick and fast. To overcome the handicap of high-priced tile, the members of the Farmers' Club of the Perth district banded together and bought it in car-load lots at low prices. The farmer on whose land the first drainage demonstration was held was so thoroughly converted that he put in a car-load of tile himself the next year.

The labor problem was a difficult one, but the district representative secured a steam ditcher from Quebec that dug from 2,000 to 3,000 feet a day. Next year the farmers are planning to own co-operatively a steam ditcher of their own. In a few short years it is safe to say that most of that 90,000 acres of swamp land in Lanark County will be classified as productive. Figuring the produce as worth at least ten dollars per acre, that would mean nearly a million dollars increase in production for a single county. Mr. James has truly said that the amount expended for a district representative is an investment that pays many fold.

Mr. James has not confined himself to demonstrating the value of ditching, but he has waged a vigorous war on orchard ignorance. Every Ontario man knows the old orchard gone to wreck and ruin as well as he knows the stump fence and the spinning wheel.

The fruit growing industry has been especially stimulated by the work of the district representative. In this, too, the doubting Thomases had to be converted by means of demonstration work of the most exacting character. Just as in the case of drainage the district representative conducted operations right on the farm. In a number of orchards scattered throughout the county you will come across this sign:

DEMONSTRATION ORCHARD
Ontario Department of Agriculture
WATCH RESULTS

That means that some old decrepit orchard has been singled out for rejuvenation. In Dundas County, the district representative and his assistant took personal charge of four orchards to show what scientific methods could do. Spraying is the *sine qua non* of fruit growing, and the necessity for it had to be shown in a manner that could not be gainsaid. In each case the whole orchard was sprayed with the exception of one row of trees through the centre. The difference in yield between the sprayed and the unsprayed portions did more for scientific fruit growing methods in that district than would a ton of literature on the subject. In one of these orchards the unsprayed row of trees yielded less than a barrel of first class fruit, while on the remaining portion, 43 trees, the apples sold on the tree for $400. The cost of spraying material to produce this result was $7.90. In another demonstration orchard the fruit was of such good quality that it was selected by the Dominion Government for exhibition at the World's Fair at Brussels.

Results obtained from spraying were a revelation to many. "Mr. Wm. Peck," states the district representative of Prince Edward County, "owns an old orchard of about 7 acres. A year ago this orchard was very seriously affected with Leaf Blister Mite and the fruit was ruined by Codling Moth. This year the orchard was sprayed thoroughly and sold for $1,500, while a year ago, when there were more apples, it brought the owner less than $400. Handsome financial returns of this nature soon make the farmer turn to spraying, and then the district representative only has time to supervise operations to see that they are done as nearly right as possible.

A BUMPER CROP OF WHEAT GROWN ON A FIELD WHERE WHEAT COULD NOT BE PROFITABLY RAISED BEFORE THE GROUND WAS DRAINED

RECLAIMING WET LAND BY MEANS OF A STEAM DITCH-DIGGER THAT CUTS THROUGH THE SOIL AT THE RATE OF NINE FEET A MINUTE AND DIGS A TRENCH THREE FEET WIDE

SOME OF THE RESULTS OF PROFESSOR JAMES' WORK PILED UP ON THE PLATFORM AT BEAMSVILLE, ONTARIO, AWAITING SHIPMENT

There are but a few concrete examples of the thousand and one ways in which the agricultural expert applies himself in order to make science touch the life of the farmer and solve his financial problems. The work is all of an educational nature, most of it being incidental to the regular courses in agriculture held at the high schools during the winter. Much is being accomplished through interesting public school teachers in the work of regeneration by inducing them to maintain school gardens for the teaching of practical agriculture. Indeed, in one county the yield of corn has been materially increased by means of corn growing competitions among public school boys.

Then, in addition to the office consultations with farmers who wish advice on the problems they meet in their everyday work, there are addresses and demonstrations to be given at County Fairs, and before Dairy Associations, Fruit Growers' Associations, Farmers' Clubs and kindred bodies. These associations, once life has been put into them, become powerful instruments in the hands of the representative. Here are some of the purposes for which the district representative in Lanark County used one Farmers' Club:

1. To promote rural telephone service throughout the riding;
2. To carry on co-operative buying of clover and grass seed through local seedsmen in order to secure purity and No. 1 quality;
3. To import seed corn on the ear;
4. To import tile in car-load lots.
5. To establish one variety of potatoes as the representative variety for this section;
6. To run an excursion to Macdonald College in August, 1909;
7. To inaugurate an annual ploughing match, October, 1910.

To sum up, these local organizations have been found exceedingly useful both in strengthening the competitive spirit and in forming a healthy *esprit de corps*.

The success of the district representative system is now assured. In 1907 it was started in six counties: this year no less than twenty-one counties will have it, and the Government is not able to meet the demands for experts from other centres. And this success has been accomplished in the face of initial indifference and even hostility. When the scheme was first tried one county council passed a resolution condemning the whole thing as a needless waste of money. To-day there would be trouble if the district representative were taken away. In fact, two other sections of the same county are now clamoring for experts.

The movement of the agricultural uplift is making itself felt in a measure of greater prosperity throughout the whole province. Since 1906 there has been a steady increase in rural population, although for twenty years, from 1886, when the C. P. R. first tapped the West, it had been surely going down hill. But what is still more indicative of prosperity, farm values and the amount of farm products have been decidedly mounting.

Fifty-two million dollars was the amount of the increase in farm values for 1909 over those of 1906, the year before the representative district system was started. In the past six years, the yearly output of the farms has increased by $50,000,000, the present annual production being worth approximately $250,000,000. The best future, however, is the increase in the yield per acre, due to the adoption of intensive methods of cultivation. The following table compares the average yield for the past twenty-nine years with that for 1910, which was by no means an exceptional year:

Yield Per Acre of Principal Field Crops in Ontario:

Crop.	1910.	Av'ge last 29 yrs.
Fall wheat	26.7	21.0
Spring wheat	19.3	15.9
Barley	30.5	27.8
Oats.....	37.0	35.7
Potatoes	130.0	116.0
Corn for husking. ...	77.7	71.4
Hay and Clover.....	1.71	1.46

Wherever you go throughout the province you can see the evidences of better times. Farmers are putting up larger and better buildings, better mail facilities are being petitioned for and obtained, rural telephone lines are radiating out over the peaceful countryside and a veritable network of interurban electric railways is gradually weaving itself over the map. The country, with its pure air and fruitful quietness, is being made a more attractive place to live in. Mr. James and his co-workers in Ontario are clearing the way for a movement back to the soil which, within the next fifty years, must take place if the Anglo-Saxon race is to maintain its vitality unimpaired. Did you ever stop to ponder the fact that in Canada and in the United States, almost without exception, those men who by reason of strength of character or intellectual pre-eminence, have taken the lead in public affairs, in professional life and in scholarship, are not further removed than one, or at most, two generations from ancestors who tilled the soil?

A SONG OF STEEL

BY WILLIAM J. SHANKS

FROM the Athabasca basin to the southern border plains,
Where the prairie flowers and grasses bloom with countless suns and rains;
From the silent mountain passes to the lone Keewatin trails,
They are breaking Nature's slumbers with the music of the rails.

Over mountain crag and torrent; through the forest hills and breaks;
Over leagues of treeless hinterland around the mighty lakes;
Sons of Vulcan! Hear them swinging through the vastness into space!
Hear the rhythmic sledges ringing out their welcome to a Race!

From the Old World's human maelstrom to the New World's realm of peace,
Where the prairie skyline beckons and the wars of Mammon cease;
Human eyes are turned with longing—human hopes are circling high,
As the steel-tongued heralds carol to the wild-rose and the sky.

Like the thrush when day is dying—or the lark when day is young,
Are the matins and the vespers of the ribboned pathways sung;
Wake, thou virgin prairies, wake! and greet the heroes of thy dream,
Hear the bridal song of Industry—the hymn of Rails and Steam!

Yield thy gifts, O Land of Promise! Homeless millions turn to thee;
Chains of poverty are broken and the bondsman shall be free;
Through the trackless void we're coming, with the morning star o'erhead,
World-old prayers and tears we'll answer with an avalanche of Bread!

Where the bison made his wallow, and the Indian tepees passed;
Where the tardy sons of Empire conquer first and harvest last;
Hear the vibrant rails go whispering, in their paths from sea to sea,
Singing Hope, and Peace, and Plenty—for the Canada to be.

Jean Baptiste's Grand Woman

By Mae Harris Anson

With Drawings

By Paul L. Anderson

A BREEZE from the north shook the tops of the pine trees. The hemlock log, outlined in glowing coals, fell apart, sending a shower of sparks fluttering to the sky. Jean Baptiste stirred uneasily and, with a startled glance about him, made the sign of the cross.

"A storm before morning, eh, Jean Baptiste?" said Longley Graham.

"No, m'sieu'. You may rest quite easy on that score. There will be no weather for three days."

"Then trouble? Ill luck? No moose nor deer?" Graham persisted, knowing full well that, like all dwellers in the north, Jean Baptiste was chary of speech and given to long silences.

"No, m'sieu', it is none of these. It is the memory," and again, though almost imperceptibly, Jean Baptiste made the sign of the cross. "For always when the hemlock log yields up its soul to the call of the wind, it brings back the memory of the Grand Woman."

"A legend, eh, Jean Baptiste?"

"No, m'sieu', a woman of flesh and blood, even as you and I. A woman with a soul so great, a courage so magnificent—a woman big, big, grand—magnificent!"

For six joyous weeks had Graham followed the trail of Jean Baptiste through the wilderness of the valley of the Batiscan, and never once had sentiment seemed part or parcel of him. And now this!

"Ah, no, m'sieu'," said Jean Baptiste again, in answer to the quizzical glance that Graham cast upon him. "It was not she for such as I. It was only that she came, that I was her guide, and that the good God gave me the power to understand. I heard while far in the north that there was a madame at La Tuque who desired me as guide. They say that she was a

great English madame gone mad over the hunt. But I, I knew the moment that I saw her that she was not English. Only the women of your race have that gaze, calm and without fear, the square shoulders, the uplifted chin. M'sieu'," and Jean broke off suddenly, "have you ever seen the look in the eyes of one whom disease is gnawing every waking moment, and who yet seeks to look so that the world may think him strong? That look I saw in Madame's eyes, and yet I knew it was a suffering of the mind, the heart, and not of the body. I knew that she had come into the north to forget, and in that first glance, too, I knew that she would never find what she sought.

"Well, m'sieu', we started out—I and Robert and his Suzanne and Madame. Never, never, did I see anybody so love the open as did Madame. She joyed in the danger of the rapids, like even that devil of a Mushwa; she throve on the coarse food and slept in her bed of pine boughs each night as though she had been born in a lodge of the north. She did not know so much as the trigger on the rifle when we started from La Tuque, and yet before the month was out, voila! she could shoot almost as well as I. Neither did she know the twist of the wrist to fit the paddle, nor yet the turn for casting, but all, all, she learned quickly. And never did she complain at ill luck, or rain, or the pest of flies; she kept her feet with us—oh, she was grand, grand, magnificent!

"All day she was joy, and then, when night came always the memory came back to her, and I have seen her sit for an hour without stirring, looking straight into the heart of the fire, and, m'sieu', all the sorrows of all the world were in her eyes. All this time, it had been north, north, with Madame. And then, one morning, as she came from her tent, she waved her hand in one direction and said:

" 'We'll go that way to-day.'

" 'But, Madame,' I said, 'but, Madame, but that is east.'

" 'But, yes, Jean Baptiste,' she said with a smile, 'but, yes—please—something draws me.'

"It may seem strange that it came that way, but strange things like that happen often in the north, and all this time, you see, he had been seeking her. I don't think Madame dreamed of its coming, but as for me, with the first sound of human steps coming through the woods, far off, I knew, I knew. The first that I heard was the cry:

" 'Alice!' in a man's great voice. I looked at Madame. She was standing white as marble, her eyes full of terror, stricken absolutely dumb. The man leaped toward her, crying:

" 'Alice! Alice! Have I found you at last?'

"Only when he came within reach of her outstretched hand did Madame stir. Then she caught him and clutched him hard, and one hand moved over his face as I have seen the hand of blind Mother Marguerite learn the looks of the last new baby. And then she said, with a catch in her voice:

" 'John! John! Is it really you?'

"He took her in his arms and held her close. Then he stood her off by the shoulders at arms' length. Then, suddenly, he drew her to him and kissed her over and over again. Indeed, m'sieu', that John well knew how to kiss a woman's very soul out of her body."

" 'I thought I had stepped out of the world, where you never could find me,' Madame said at length.

" 'There is no place in all the world that I could not find you,' he said. 'You are mine, my very own, as my heart, my soul are mine. In all this world you never can hide away from me. I will have you. I will never give you up.'

"And all Madame could say was: 'Johnnie! Johnnie!'

" 'Where are your people?' he said at length, quick, to me, Jean Baptiste. 'Only three of you? Good God, man! What were you thinking of to take a woman like Madame off into the wilds with only you three to watch over her?'

"Ah, m'sieu'," and Jean Baptiste leaned earnestly toward Graham in the light of the dying fire, "he loved her truly; he would have gone through the fires of hell for her and gladly laid down his life, if so it need be, for her, but even so, he did not know her very soul as

did I, Jean Baptiste. For Madame had come into her own in the north; she loved it; it spoke to her; it gave her peace. she had no fear.

"Now, m'sieu' will understand that what I know came not because I tried to hear, but rather because this John seemed not to care that what he said should be overheard.

" 'But, Alice,' he said, 'you love me, I know that. Else why should you have feared and fled to the wilderness? Come, dare all, and tell me so, sweetheart.'

"Oh, m'sieu', the face that Madame turned to him—so wonderful, so beautiful, but, oh, m'sieu', I saw what he did not, that it was not the face of one who yields.

" 'Yes, I dare, beloved,' she said. 'The north has been good to me. It has taught me truth, given me courage. I love you, love you, love you!'

"John gave a low cry and picked her up like this in his arms," and Jean Baptiste gave an embracing gesture which made Graham catch his breath. "And then he said: 'At Quebec we will be married. I will not trust you out of my sight till then.'

" 'No, beloved, no,' she said, still with shining eyes. 'No, I cannot marry you. I love you—love you with all the good that is in me, but I cannot marry you and bring disaster upon you.'

" 'But all that is over and done with,' said John. 'I don't acknowledge that there is anything connected with you that could bring disaster upon me. And, if there were, I'd face it and fight it, if only I knew you were mine.'

" 'Oh, Johnnie! Johnnie!' was all that Madame could say, and then she refused to talk any more about it, laughing at every attempt he made to be serious. Oh, m'sieu', she was grand, grand, magnificent! The next day Madame tried to send John on his way hunting, but he refused.

" 'My game is found,' he said. 'I have tracked it far, and now that I have snared it, I do not mean it shall get away. But, sweetheart, sweetheart, come away to Quebec.'

" 'But I love the north,' said Madame, 'here I have found truth, and friendship, and, above all—peace. The south is cruel.'

" 'Then good-by it is for me to the south,' said John. 'If you love the wilderness like that, if the south means a cruelty that my love and devotion could not atone for, then wilderness it is for me to the last degree.'

" 'But your work!' gasped Madame.

" 'That for my work!' said John, and he snapped his fingers like a very Frenchman.

" 'But your future! You know what your sure goal is.'

" 'Better still, I know that the greatest future in all the world is worth nothing if, in its gaining, I should have left you behind.'

" 'Beloved! beloved! why make it so hard for me?' wailed Madame. 'How could I put upon your name the black mark that follows mine?'

" 'You mean——'

" 'My brother.'

" 'But he is dead.'

" 'The memory of such a stain never dies among those who do not love one.'

" 'You mean——'

"Madame was silent.'

" 'You mean—my mother?'

"Madame turned her head away, still silent.

" 'My mother,' he went on, steel in his eyes and ice in his voice, 'my mother learned the error of her judgment against you within twenty-four hours of your departure. In weakness, your brother stained your name, but in your devotion that kept you at his side, fighting against the strongest circumstantial evidence, combatting every charge, and in the end proving the act was done in self-defense, you redeemed your common name in the eyes of the world. No matter how weak, how faulty your brother, your character stands out as purest gold and makes you a woman who would honour any family that she entered. My mother sees that—now. My mother acknowledges——'

" 'Ah, yes—I know it all, because I know you,' Madame broke in. 'She sees, and she acknowledges—merely because you told her that if she would not receive me as your wife she could no more call you son.'

"And this time, m'sieu'," said Jean Baptiste, "it was John's eyes which turned from those of Madame's, while he in turn was silent.

"And so it went on, every day for a week, John ready for every turn, beating down every argument, insisting upon marriage at once at Quebec, and every day I saw the sorrow growing deeper and deeper in Madame's eyes, and every day the pain sinking deeper and deeper into her heart—and I could see, though John did not, that no matter what he said, Madame would never yield. At length there came an hour when she could bear no more.

" 'Give me time, give me time,' she begged, 'just a little longer here in the peace of the north. But you go south. Pick up your life—and when I join you there—I will marry you.'

" 'My own! My own!' said John. 'You mean it? You will—really—marry me?'

" 'When I go south,' said Madame.

"And when, the next day, John stood ready to turn from the north and take up again the burdens of his world to the south, she said to him:

" 'Beloved, take hold again strong upon your life. Forget that your mother is anything but willing that I should be your wife. And climb, climb always toward the heights. Remember that I exact your best, and, ah—beloved, beloved, though I may not be with you always, never forget, never doubt that I love you, love you, love you with all the good that is in me.'

"M'sieu'," and Jean Baptiste's level voice trembled, "I could stand no more. I walked away into the forest. When I returned, John was gone, and, oh, the face, the face that Madame turned toward me! Such a face must the blessed St. Jeanne d'Arc have raised to heaven as the flames leaped about her. And yet, so far as Madame said, from that time on, this John and his love might have been but one of her midnight dreams of which I never knew. And then, m'sieu'——" The even flow of Jean Baptiste's voice broke. He set his pipe between his teeth and pulled vigorously upon it. As the smoke clouds finally began to lessen, Graham spoke.

"And then?" he said.

"And then, m'sieu', came—the end—and I have always taken blame upon myself that it came as it did. For, knowing Madame, I ought to have foreseen what she would do. One night, as we sat around the fire, Madame said:

" 'How far does a promise hold, Jean Baptiste?'

"And I, not dreaming what was in her mind, replied:

" 'As far as it is said, Madame.'

" 'As far as it is said, Jean Baptiste?' And then she repeated: 'As far as it is said. But what of the difference between what one may mean and what the other thinks is meant, Jean Baptiste?'

" 'One may not claim a promise beyond the meaning of him who made it,' said I, Jean Baptiste, making joyous sport of life, like the fool of the world that I am.

" 'Ah!' she said. Just that. No more.

"That night, m'sieu', I dreamed, I, who can count all the dreams of my life on the fingers of one hand. It was a dream of Madame. I heard again the thunder of the cataract of La Tuque on the upper St. Maurice. I could see nothing, I could not move, I could only hear. And by and by came the voice of Madame, saying:

" 'Beloved, beloved—I beseech your loving pardon and forgiveness. I cannot go south, for I must not marry you—and now the north has grown cold and dreary. There is no other way. Beloved, beloved, it is for love of you!'

"And then while I lay dead in sleep, I knew that she went step by step toward the river, and while I yet strove with the horror of it, I awoke. And there might have yet been time had I even then as much as stolen near to Madame's tent and listened for her breathing. As it was, like the fool of the world that I am, I simply turned on my bed and went to sleep again.

"The next morning it seemed that Madame had slept late, she who was usually astir with the first clink of the saucepan of Suzanne. The walls of her tent hung motionless. At length I went near. I listened. There was

"THE FIRST THAT I HEARD WAS THE CRY IN A MAN'S GREAT VOICE, 'ALICE! ALICE! HAVE I FOUND YOU AT LAST?' "

no faintest sound. I called softly. There was no reply. Loudly I repeated the call 'Madame! Madame!' Only the echo of the woods came back. Then, m'sieu', a great fear fell upon me. I pulled the tent apart. Madame was not there!

"Robert and Suzanne were all for a search of the forest. But not I, m'sieu.' I made straight for the river, fear growing upon me with every mark I saw of a little moccasined foot. It was no surprise that I should find but one canoe where two had beached the night before. No—never a trace was found. The waters of the St. Maurice seldom give up their dead," said Jean Baptiste, in answer to Graham's involuntary movement. "M'sieu' has noticed as he came up the St. Maurice from Grandes Piles to La Tuque that many crosses mark the way on either bank?" he went on, after a silence which not even a hardened man of the world like Graham could break. Graham nodded without speaking.

"Some are shrines," Jean Baptiste went on, "and some are raised to mark the going out of some unlucky soul in the waters of the St. Maurice. One of these, long after, when even the greatest hope was dead, I raised for Madame, the woman grand, magnificent. Ah, m'sieu', you men of the south have ways that are not as ours of the north. Had it been for me that light shone in Madame's eyes, instead of for that John, not all her prayers, not all the world beside, would have sent me from her—the woman of great heart and courage so magnificent."

Again the voice of Jean Baptiste broke. In an absent-minded way he tapped his pipe against the now blackened hemlock log, and as a few scattering sparks crackled up in the frosty air, again he made the sign of the cross.

IT GETS LATE EARLY

BY W. D. NESBIT

ONE lonesome bee lags to the hive,
On stiffened and rheumatic wings,
The frost-bit cricket, half-alive,
Creaks out the swan-song that it sings,
The wind-tossed withered blade and husk,
Where one lorn cornstalk feebly sways,
Are crackling dirges in the dusk—
It gets late early nowadays.

The clucking chickens seek their rest,
The street lamps flare out in surprise,
The drifting clouds against the west
Gleam with a myriad gorgeous dyes,
The maple leaves turn richer gold,
The woodbine has a crimson blaze,
The grape-leaves crumple up and fold—
It gets late early nowadays.

This department is specially designed to interest our feminine readers, and is under the direction of "Kit" (Mrs. Kathleen Blake Coleman) who has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

ARRESTED !

SO, after all the flurry, the pain and loss and horror of war, the Maine was not blown up by the Spaniards at all ! The destruction of the ship was not the cause of the Spanish-American war, but it was the last straw. The pictures of the starving Cubans (I must confess I never saw any of them) which circulated so freely in the great journals of the United States, and the harrowing accounts of the sufferings of little children which appealed so strongly to the women, precipitated the war; Cuba was the issue, but to force it a great card had to be played by the sensational journals, and the destruction of the battleship lying in Havana Harbour was the one that turned the trick. It now appears that a certain anonymous letter—never traced to its author—and received by the authorities, sought to throw the crime on the Cubans who were desirous of embroiling the United States with Spain. Captain Brady, brother of the well-known author, Cyrus Townsend Brady, in a sensational lecture which he gave last November, actually named the author of the crime, an electrician of Morro Castle, one José Zalvado.

I have reason to remember this same Captain Brady when I was acting as special correspondent for an important Canadian journal in Tampas just before the army departed for Cuba. Only a journalist may comprehend the passionate desire of another to "scoop" a big thing for his paper. I know of no more compelling impulse. One follows it at all hazards. It shines like a great headlight, and everything goes down before the desire to reach it. It is perhaps this loyalty towards one's paper, this zeal in its service, which gives a touch of nobility to the profession of journalism, which, indeed, is the soul of the thing, this priceless service done every day—as courageous and brave in its quiet endeavour as the more showy actions which draw the acclaim of the people.

The time was, as they say in the editorial column, a parlous one. The big hotel—headquarters of the army of 28,000 men which was camped on the sands of Tampa—was so full of magnetism, that thrilling, nameless thing, that one could practically sense it with the mysterious sixth quality which sometimes stirs the very soul of man. Every man and woman in it was a live wire. Even the bell-hops seemed to be on strings. Correspondents watched one another nervously. Everyone was daily expecting the

move on Cuba. Everyone had "copy" ready to flash over the wires. We haunted the telegraph rooms and eyed every person who went in and out with suspicion. The service women—wives and sisters of officers—gossiped together, and in the music room the merry dance went on, but you could feel the thrill of expectant excitement which trembled through it all.

I well remember the exact moment the news came. It was about eight in the evening and people had gathered in the spacious rotunda of the hotel. General Shafter, surrounded by his brilliant staff, had paused a moment to chat with some ladies. The younger officers were amusing themselves dancing and playing solitude à deux out on the dusky verandahs. An orderly stepped quietly up to the General and saluted. We saw him pass nothing in the way of document or package, but some hasty movement that he made as he moved smartly off—some weird thing that rustled through the great room as might a wind—was the spark that set us alight.

In five minutes everyone was moving. The music stopped abruptly. Bell-boys and messengers, soldiers and women jostled one another. People asked in whispers, "What is it?" Nobody knew. Everybody knew. Correspondents, a moment before lounging in evening togs, appeared suddenly, booted and "khakied" and weighted with baggage—pseudo-soldiers—knights of the pencil. I ran to one of the telegraph booths. It was crowded. All were crowded. Accoutrements jingled as men came and went. Wires ticked at racing speed. I had my cipher message all ready. Next morning Canadians would read at the breakfast table, "The army has moved on Cuba." My paper was already warned to be on the lookout. In a moment one had squeezed to the front in the struggling mass which heaved around the machines. The innocent message, innocent as a dove—far from proclaiming war or anything else—was on its way to Toronto.

With eyes whose brightness I could feel, I left the little room and went down the long passage on my way to make preparations for a quick move. It was then that I met Captain Brady. He came towards me with a jaunty step and a most observant eye. But something—what?—preceded him. I suddenly felt my knees growing weak. Presentiment of evil had flown on its lightning wings before him and had taken possession of my soul. It was not with surprise, therefore, but with eyes which had become almost sightless, I dimly saw him halt abruptly before me. I heard him say, "You are under arrest," and I remember that my face smiled stiffly. I shall never forget the painful effort of that smile. Then a clod seemed to hit me on the heart.

I had failed my paper!

And to this day I do not know how Captain Brady of the Secret Service discovered that my innocent cipher meant "The United States Army, 28,000 strong, moved on Cuba this evening (date given). Troops are now entraining for Port Tampa." The editor of my paper had previously received a letter with an explanation of the message which would be despatched when the proper time came. He afterwards declared that this letter had not apparently been tampered with. To its page alone had my secret been confided—and the Government knew all about it!

"Remember the Maine," was the cry of those days—a slogan long since thrust into silence, and now all but forgotten— but "Remember Captain Brady and his red head and acute blue eye," is a slogan whose echo will forever haunt the chamber of my heart. He was the first man who ever arrested me. The gods send that he be also the last.

THE WAY OF A MAN WITH HIS CLOTHES

"GOT your hat on yet? Hurry up, there; we'll be late." Then, as you fly down stairs—"What in blazes keeps you women so long putting on a hat and coat?"

Thus Man—that lord of creation—but not of Modern Woman.

Now, if anyone be privileged to take

time over dressing it is Woman. Think of all the things she has to put on, all the little loose ends she has to corral. There is her grim strait-waistcoat, to say nothing of the lacy, frilly thing that goes over it. There are her petticoats, her "brazier"—as the lady who makes it calls it—(no, sir, I shall *not* explain); there are her rats, and her hair, and her complexion, and sometimes her teeth, with a hundred and one other little things which she must put on before she is fit to be seen. But a man, now! What is to prevent him from being dressed in fifteen minutes, and yet look at the time he takes! Put a stop watch on him, and next time he growls at you for being so slow, just put him in his place with a word or two.

Let us consider the gentleman at his morning toilet. Dear maiden ladies, be not shocked at these intimate revelations. They are absolutely harmless and full of human interest.

If his razor be in perfect form and he enjoys the suavity, the blessing of a clean shave, he will be in good humor half the day. Should his shave be grateful and comforting you will hear him whistle a stave as he turns on the tap for his plunge, but if you hear mutterings and growls and the hot little word from the bathroom you had better run down stairs and see that Mary is extra particular about the toast for, depend upon it, your lord's temper will match his rough face. The bath, which is full of surprises for one's back, is the reason for the sudden shout which brings you up again, but you hear him plunging and splashing and know that he is happy.

In a good humor from his brisk rub he turns to the contemplation of his shirt. Here comes a check—no, not a check shirt—just a full stop. He fights with half a dozen before he makes a choice, and then begins the wrestle with his collar. Don't call out that the coffee is cooling or that train time is near while he wallows in profanity over the button under the bed. Slip down stairs again and lie low while this operation is in progress.

Now he is approaching his wardrobe to select his suit for the day. What a gratitude a man feels towards the trousers that keep their shape, but how he values the coat which becomes so comfortable and accommodating in its shapeless old age! The trousers at last festooned into place with the

"I'M AFRAID THE EGGS WILL BE COLD, DEAR"

graceful suspender, comes the question of the tie. He must take time over this. The eggs may be cooling, the rasher frizzled to a spiral, but his tie has to be carefully selected that it may not clash either with the disposition or the suit. How can a man with a fit of the blues be expected to look well in a glaring red tie, and why is it that the "unsuccessful" tie will never wear out, and never fail to work its way daily up to the top of the tie-box? But the tie adjusted, then comes the military tattoo on his head. So soothing, so full of finish is the brushing if he has locks in plenty to arrange above his noble brow—so slow and careful a proceeding if he has but six hairs to plaster across that desert expanse which roofs his brain! With the completion of this and other lesser duties of his toilet and the donning of his coat, the work is over except for those concluding touches, the collection of his clean handkerchief, his watch, his keys, and any money his wife may

have left in the pockets of the trousers he wore yesterday. Finally, with three minutes in which to swallow his breakfast, and two to make his train, he descends to meet his patient spouse, whose plaintive, "I'm afraid the eggs are cold, dear," is her equivalent for the irritating growls he sends skywards when she is nervously prodding her scalp with that last hat-pin, and he is kicking the dog off the mat, and wondering why in thunder women take such a time to put a "bonnet" on.

And when she tells him that by her watch he was exactly fifty-two minutes dressing, he calmly replies, "Why, I was barely twenty-five. Your watch must want cleaning, Jane."

GOLD IN THE GRAVE

THERE are distinctions in misers as in all else. Daniel Dancer, when he found a couple of eggs, heated them under his arms rather than light a fire, and his sister lived in a bag rather than spend money on clothes. A miser died the other day who went even farther for he took the greater part of his wealth to the grave with him. His

HE HID A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CORNERS, BUT THE MAIN PORTION WENT INTO HIS COFFIN

walking stick, which he prized so affectionately that he ordered it to be buried with him, was found to be hollow and filled with notes and gold. Under his armpits were stowed stocks and bonds and other notes. His widow suspected him and had him dug up. It was the richest bit of mining ever done in that part of the country. The undertaker must certainly have been an honest fellow. All his life this mistaken person had lived in poverty in order to amass gold. He had gone hungry for it and lived in misery because of it. His wife said little but stuck to her job. He would send her away on some pretext and then pour his money out of sacks on the floor and take a bath in it. One night she stole back and watched him through a chink in the door. His face frightened her with its look of devilish joy, and she made off quietly, being a timid woman, and said no word to anybody. He hid a few hundred dollars in holes and corners, but the main portion went into his coffin. What was in his mind, I wonder? Perhaps he thought St. Peter wouldn't be above a bribe, or that if he had the wherewithal to buy the Devil an iced drink or two, that red hot gentleman might refrain from prodding him with his glowing harpoon more than a dozen times a day. Perhaps he did it for a joke on the wife; perhaps he took it for a nest-egg against a rainy day of re-incarnation. He could have had a thousand reasons; to buy a halo, or a Jew's harp of gold, or a place to sit down on in heaven, or a lot in the New Jerusalem. Poor man, poor man! and now he lies in his common grave, just as poor as Edward H. Harriman under his costly mausoleum. To such must misers and millionaires come at last, even as you and I.

DIAMOND CLOCKS

ARE women growing more extravagant?

They were a pair of stockings, long, exceedingly long, and of silk so fine you could have passed them through a finger ring. They were of the most delicate blue imaginable, with a dainty monogram woven in the top in plain

shaded silk. But the instep was literally sewn with little jewels. In a superb cluster were woven a thimbleful of the tiniest rubies which glowed and flashed a hundred lights, and about them were sewn a shower of brilliants.

"We have just finished two pairs like these for that lady whom you saw just now drive off in her motor. It is getting to be a fad among the richest New York women—no, not actresses—they like their diamonds in the soles of their shoes or in their teeth—"

"But women don't wear those things?"

"Of course they do, and the effect of different kinds of jewels embroidered thickly on the instep is dazzling beyond conception. It is the richest and most startling extravagance which woman's dress has known for centuries."

"I've heard of jewelled garters," said the astonished reporter, "and wondered why the mischief women wanted to wear diamonds where nobody could see them, but jewelled stockings! That beats me."

"Perhaps," said the worldly wise old jeweller, "perhaps it will astonish you more to hear that Miladi wears jewelled clasps in her corset, but six pairs in the trousseau of one of our New York belles, who married a titled Englishman this year, were sent to us to have jewelled buttons put in them—and I can tell you in a minute just what they were—if you'll wait."

As it is not every day one can make diamond copy, one waited developments.

The jeweller came back with his notes. "In one pair," he said, consulting them, "we put buttons of jade, in another, turquoise, then coral, pearl, and in the bridal corset, clasps of diamonds. Women these days wear diamond buttons in their shoes if they can get them, and they don't care a snap how much it costs their husbands."

And all the way home the newspaper woman was thinking of a little family she knew, so poor, the children couldn't go to school for lack of decent shoes and stockings. One little family? Thousands.

A RAINY OCTOBER DAY.

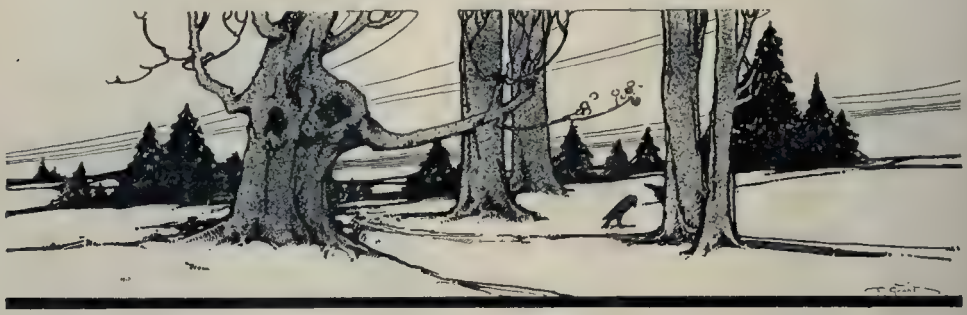
THERE is something wonderful in the lonely woods on a gray October day when a soft rain is falling. You know the sort of day when the wind is stilled and the loose leaves are trembling on the twigs—knowing the next breeze will bring them to their death. The clouds brood low above the city and there is sighing among the trees that

"WOMEN THESE DAYS WEAR DIAMOND BUTTONS IN THEIR SHOES IF THEY CAN GET THEM," SAID THE WISE OLD JEWELLER

line the streets, the trees weary of the dust, the noise, the whizzing cars, the hoarse honk of the motors. Then comes the low call of the woods—the need to touch for a moment the adorable heart of Nature, to see her moods upon a sad autumn day when she is sick of love for old Winter.

Perhaps the reason one loves a rainy day is because of being born and bred in a land of more tears than sunshine, but the call of the wet day is as the call of the blood. You want to fling away from the town for a quiet hour; to go from the weariness of life to lose oneself in the lonely place where the soft rain taps upon the leaves and the little creeks purl all day long under the willows.

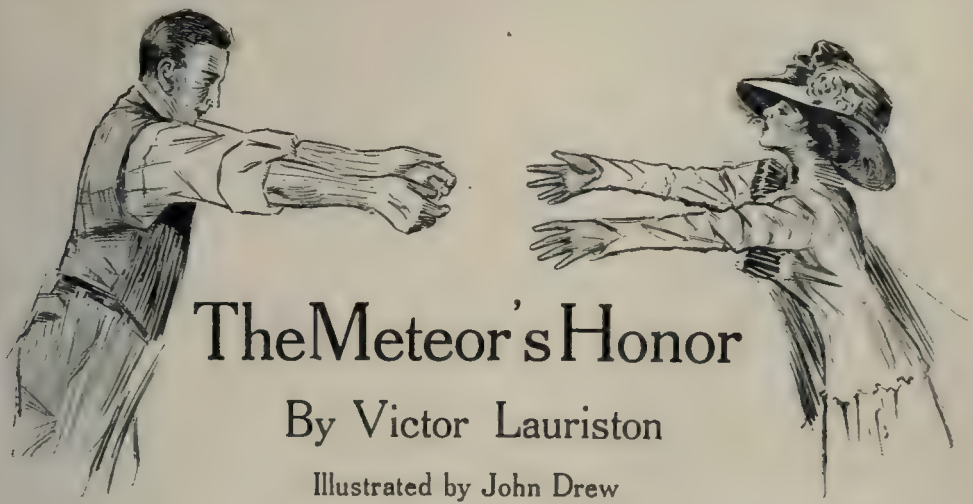
It is pleasant to watch the town dropping from you as you make for the woods. First come the vacant lots —gleams of green stretches, with here and there a stiff little row of new houses, their feet still in the lime and sand. Then green patches grow into little fields, into cabbage gardens and reaches of green aftermath. Then come the great sand hills dotted with scrub and all aglow with autumn tints the brighter for the gray day—and far off, edging the world up against dun October skies —a bank of thick woods wedged together the trees touched with bronze and red and pale gold and standing out from the rest the little birches, their white trunks showing pallid and ghostlike, but their leaves holding yet the golden secret of summer.



THE BURNING LEAVES

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

SUCH scented censor smoke—it weaves
Up from the burning autumn leaves
And trails away in aimless style
While lazy breezes loiter on!
And though each wondrous golden while
Of all the summer-time is gone,
We do not sigh as one who grieves
When drifts the scent of burning leaves.
It is as cinnamon and musk
And mint and myrrh that scents the dusk,
And pungent clove, and nutmeg, too,
And allspice buds, all deftly blent
And intermingled through and through
With berries of the Orient—
So do we stand and know all these
As echoes of our memories.



The Meteor's Honor

By Victor Lauriston

Illustrated by John Drew

DENHAM!

Verney dropped the paper sharply upon his desk, and, rising, paced the narrow confines of his sanctus as, when a little boy, he had often seen tigers pacing up and down their iron barred cages in the circus menagerie. For the name, with its call to other scenes and a wider world, thrilled his soul like the blast of a trumpet. Denham! Alice Denham! Memory harked back to gray, quiet Goderich, and the laughing girl who had caught his fancy in his summer at Menesetung. He could still see the beach as it was that last day they were together, and the girl gazing at him with brown eyes that wavered before his impassioned plea. And then—those careless, protesting words of hers that gave him his opportunity.

"Why do you talk of such things, Harry? We're good friends, just as we've always been since I can first remember; but you—you've never done anything to impress me. You talk of buying me Attrill's Point; and yet a moment ago you were saying that the *Meteor* was in debt—that you had shouldered the debt for the sake of the chance it gave you. And what you ask now from me, Harry"—and here she smiled—"is just as impossible as it is for you to buy me Attrill's Point, or even to clear the *Meteor*."

"Then, suppose I accomplish the impossible? Suppose, a year from to-day, I come to you with the *Meteor* debt-free? Alice—what then? Will the rest be still impossible?"

"How can I tell?' she asked. "I might love one man if he came to me penniless; I might despise another if he brought me a dozen fortunes. How can I tell, Harry?"

"I ask a lone chance. Won't you give me that?"

He remembered vividly the long waiting. And then, in a voice scarce audible:

"Yes," she answered.

That scene, those words, had lived as vividly as yesterday in his memory during the year since then. And now—here was Old Man Denham—Senator Denham—interested in the Chattenham & South Western. Verney smiled. The fact that Alice Denham's father was a stockholder in the road rather predisposed him to look with favor upon the $100,000 bonus which the company asked as an inducement to pass through the city.

Or was this the same Denham? Verney ceased his restless pacing; and, sitting down, commenced more carefully to scan the papers. As he did so, a frown clouded his brow. He read on and on; and all the while the

frown deepened, and with each added word he read more slowly, more carefully, and with all the more reluctance to believe.

Finally, with a gesture almost of anger, he thrust the crumpled papers into a drawer of the desk, and stared wearily, out upon the street.

He scarcely noticed when Alderman Morrison's portly form filled the outer doorway. The determined slam of the door did not rouse him. It was only when the big man rolled awkwardly through the doorway which bore the legend, "Editor and Proprietor. Strictly Private," that Verney at last looked up. He recognized his visitor with something like foreboding, never for a moment doubting that the call of the Vice-President of the Chattenham & South Western

"YOU'RE GETTING OUT A MIGHTY GOOD PAPER JUST NOW, HARRY," SAID THE VICE-PRESIDENT PATRONIZINGLY

concerned the papers he had just been reading.

"You're getting out a mighty good paper just now, Harry," murmured the vice-president, patronizingly, as he mopped the perspiration from his shiny forehead. "Mighty interesting sheet. Glad you're pulling along so well. If you don't commit suicide by bucking the powerful, you're going to make good in Chattenham, and no mistake."

Verney answered with a good-humored smile, which hid the suspicions that came to him. J. W. Morrison was not usually so fulsome in his praise.

"Thanks," he answered shortly. "If the *Meteor* is making good, I'm glad to have you say so. What's doing to-day?"

Morrison smiled uneasily, then drew his chair a little nearer, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Business," he rejoined. "Plain, every-day business. A friend of mine —we'll call him Friend No. 1—has something in his possession. Another friend—we'll call him Friend No. 2—wants it. See?"

He paused expectantly. Verney laughed.

"You might as well cough it right up, Morrison," he remarked, banteringly, the while he looked his visitor straight in the eyes.

Morrison was manifestly ruffled by the editor's failure to respond as he anticipated; equally manifest was his anxiety to hide any concern he might feel.

"Very well," he said at last, very brusquely. "I understand one of your reporters has secured possession of certain papers which have some bearing on the railway bonus. I thought I would call and talk the matter over with you. I'm right about your having the papers, I suppose?" he added, sharply.

"I believe you are," rejoined Verney. "In fact, the papers are in my desk at the present moment."

Morrison nodded.

"Oh," he commented, carelessly, "I may as well take them with me, if you don't mind. That's what I came for, don't you know."

The editor gazed a moment in thoughtful silence at the big man's outstretched hand.

"As a matter of fact," he at last answered, "we intend to keep the papers."

"The dickens you do!" ejaculated Morrison, with a show of heat. "Stolen papers——"

Verney smiled straight at him.

"You know very well, Morrison," he rejoined, with a sudden access of sternness, "that those papers were not stolen. They are letters which belong, not to the company, but to the man to whom the company wrote them. That man has turned them over to the *Meteor*. They concern a matter of vital interest. I always suspected that that bonus proposition of yours was rotten. When I read those letters for the first time, a few moments ago, I ceased to suspect—*I knew*. As a journal devoted to the public interests, the *Meteor* must publish them. It has no alternative."

"Publish! Gad! You don't mean ——"

The vice-president spluttered vengefully. Verney calmly watched him.

"Why not?" he rejoined. "Here is Chattenham on the verge of voting a hundred thousand dollars to your railway, to induce it to come here. You know, and I know, that the people, in their present state of mind, will carry the by-law when it is submitted to them, just because they want the railroad. But, Morrison, do you for one moment imagine they would vote their money away if they knew what these letters prove, that they would be voting it away for nothing—that the railway is bound to come to Chattenham, and means to come here anyway, and can't afford to go anywhere else, for the simple reason that it has already purchased its property here—and, finally, that two of the city council received a cool thousand each to vote for submitting that by-law? I *must* publish those letters. There is no way out of the situation but to publish them."

Morrison, his ruddy countenance turned suddenly white, gazed at the young man a moment in angry silence. Then his whole aspect changed. His voice, when he did speak, was insinuating in its smoothness.

"See here, Verney," he said, argumentatively, "I've always been a friend of yours. You'll admit that. I want to be your friend now. I don't want to see the *Meteor* strike a snag just as you're getting it well under way. It's foolish in you to take a stand like this, which is bound to antagonize men who are your very best friends."

"I don't want to antagonize anyone," Verney answered slowly, "but the *Meteor's* honor is at stake."

"And you mean to sacrifice its interests to its honor?" flashed the vice-president quickly. "Suppose you publish these letters? What then? I've been working to get you the company's printing. You'll be cut out of that. A lot of the biggest and most respected business men in Chattenham are interested in the road. You'll lose their advertising. Some of the men behind it are prominent party men. There have been kicks already, I imagine, about the way you've been raking the government which you're supposed to support. Make these men sore, and you'll have a rival paper here in no time, and one with plenty of capital behind it. You know what that means?"

Verney stared moodily at the vice-president during the pause that followed. The big handkerchief once more came into requisition to mop the beads of perspiration from the visitor's forehead and neck.

"In a big city it wouldn't matter. There you are expected to knife someone at every turn. But here, every enemy you make counts against you. You know that. You know what money can do. And then, for whom are you doing all this? For the people. When it's all done, what will the people do for you? Ten to one they'll follow the leaders, and join in hounding you down as a libeller. The people are grateful, you know," added the visitor, laughing cynically. "At the best, they'll present you with a gold-headed umbrella—and then order their printing at the job office. More likely, they'll forget the umbrella."

Verney stared at him. He knew all this. He knew the power of the men behind Chattenham & South Western. He had felt the protest of the party leaders; and had pursued his way despite them, speaking out, because he felt that the *Meteor's* honor demanded that he be fairly and fearlessly outspoken. He shared, in some degree, Morrison's cynical estimate of popular gratitude. He had lived in the world long enough to learn things. He remained silent a long time, his brows knitted in a sombre frown.

Morrison again stretched out his hand.

"Come," he urged. "Look at this thing sensibly. Let me have the papers, and forget all about them."

Verney shook his head. Yet more even than the *Meteor's* honor hung in the balance. There was the winning of Alice Denham. The thought of that caused him to hesitate.

"I can't," he said at last, his lips tightening to a thin line. "At least, not to-day," he added weakly.

The contractor laughed.

"Very well," he rejoined, amiably. "Take a day or two to think it over. When you do, I fancy you'll find that these letters are not really worth publishing. Just hold them back a day or two—say, till Wednesday. I'll see you then. Is it a go?"

Verney nodded. Morrison laughed and shambled out.

Verney sat a long time in deep thought after the vice-president of the Chattenham & South Western had gone. His soul was a battle-ground of fiercely contending emotions. He seemed to be fighting, single-handed, against a dozen impelling passions. The thought of many a man who had helped him, who was interested in the Chattenham & South Western—the interests of the *Meteor*—the certainty of what the powerful men behind the road would do to crush his paper if he published the letters—the equal certainty of what they would do to help him if he kept them out. And last, and most, there was his longing for Alice Denham. She had given him a promise on certain conditions, in the assurance, he knew, that the fulfillment of those conditions was impossible—and yet, he fondly imagined, cherishing in her own heart the hope that somehow, how she did not know, he would be able to fulfill those conditions, and to claim her.

Here was his opportunity. The men behind the company wanted these letters suppressed. It was in his own hands, he knew, to name his price; and he could name a price that would put the *Meteor* on a solid footing. Only one thing stood in the way —the *Meteor's* honor.

All through the two bitter days that he wrestled with the problem, he lived again the young ambitions he had cherished when he first joined the *Meteor*, a cub reporter, when Harrison owned the sheet; his vow, that if ever opportunity were his, the *Meteor* would be fair and fearless; the keenness with which he had watched the progress of the paper since he took hold; its struggles, its advances, its approaching triumph, and, above all, its good name.

On Wednesday morning, Morrison came back—not alone, but accompanied by Senator Denham. The sight of the great capitalist was to Verney like a message from home. Alice—the name leapt almost instinctively to his lips. But he stifled it quickly; for he knew it was not a quiet talk with the girl he loved on which he was about to enter, but an ordeal that threatened his own and his paper's honor.

He calmly brought forward seats for his visitors, and closed the door of his private office.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?"

It was Senator Denham who spoke, in slow, deliberate tones.

"Morrison has just been speaking to me about some work for our road. You know, we will require considerable printing in connection with the bonus by-law here, and—well, we would like to lay the facts before the taxpayers through the columns of your paper. Most of the ratepayers know that the proposition is a good one, but I daresay there are some who still

"FROM MY EXPERIENCE," HE WENT ON, EMPHASIZING EVERY WORD, "I SHOULD SAY THAT THE JOB WILL NET YOU JUST FIVE THOUSAND CLEAR"

need to be convinced, and as an agent of conviction—well, nothing can beat printers' ink, to my way of thinking. Eh, Morrison?"

The vice-president laughed. The laugh was one which jarred upon Verney's soul.

"I should be pleased to submit figures upon any printing you wish done," he rejoined calmly. "As to our advertising rates—here is our card."

The capitalist smiled genially.

"My dear boy," he said, thrusting his fingers into his arm-pits, "I don't think it's really necessary to go to all that bother. I know the cost of printing pretty well. And, from my experience," he went on, emphasizing every word, "I should say—in fact, I am safe in guaranteeing—that the job will net you just five thousand clear."

The sharp tinkle of the telephone at Verney's elbow interrupted the long, tense silence that followed. As he caught up the receiver, the editor noted a swift glance passing between the two men.

"Hello," he cried. "Ah, Mr. Hawke."

He cut short the word, and listened intently.

"I thought you had given me a specific promise," he protested.

"But," came the clear, smooth tones from the other end of the line, "I have just had an unexpected demand for money. I must meet it, and—well, you understand. It is purely a matter of business. I must be just before I am generous. Shall I count on you to-morrow?"

"I am afraid not," rejoined the editor. He would have said more, but for the two men beside him, who could hear every word.

"Then—there is only the alternative, which you know," rejoined the voice over the wire. "I would advise you to raise the money if you can. You have done pretty well, and, upon my soul, I'd be sorry to see you lose everything. I am sorry, Verney," and the voice thrilled with protest. "But I must be just before I am generous."

The tinkle of the telephone had died away before Verney turned again to his visitors; and when he did so, it was with a face set and tense. "Hypocrite," he said to himself—for he could read between the lines of Adam Hawke's

protested regrets, and he knew that Adam Hawke, also, was interested in the Chattenham & South Western.

"Five thousand clear," murmured Denham softly, taking up the conversation where they had left it.

"A rather steep profit!" commented Verney, laughing mirthlessly.

"Oh, we want the work well done," rejoined Denham, with the utmost complacence. "Item, we're willing to pay for it. And—oh, by the way, Morrison," he exclaimed, as though it were an afterthought, "you might as well take those letters you were speaking about. I would like to look them over when we get back to the office."

"Of course, of course," answered Morrison, with an oily smile, turning to Verney with hand expectantly outstretched.

Verney stared dully at the expectant hand. He understood it all now; and his whole soul recoiled from the insult. And this was Roger Denham—Senator Roger Denham—Alice Denham's father.

"You mean to bribe me?" he demanded, in a tense voice.

The senator lifted his brows.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed.

"And the five thousand dollars—profit, you call it—is the price you would pay me for betraying the people's rights?"

"No, no, Verney," hastily protested the senator, with uplifted hand.

There was a sound of swishing skirts in the antechamber, but Verney did not look up. A moment later his whole soul was thrilled by a voice he knew.

"Here we are, dad, right on time. Oh—Mr. Verney——"

"Miss Denham," rejoined the young man, quietly, and rose to proffer his seat.

"Just stay outside, Alice, if you please," interposed the senator, with a touch of sharpness. "We are discussing a little business. We will be through in a minute. As I was saying, Verney," he added, turning to the editor, "I meant no such thing as you

"NOW TELL HAWKE TO COME ON," VERNEY MUTTERED GRIMLY, "THE METEOR MAY BE HIS TO-MORROW, BUT IT'S MINE TO-DAY"

intimated just now. I am sorry——"

Verney gazed stubbornly downward at his desk.

"You heard that telephone just now," he said coldly. "You want to bribe me—and when you heard that telephone, you knew I must take your bribe. You offer me a contract that will make me five thousand dollars profit—which means, that you will give me five thousand dollars for these papers I have in my desk. You know I must take your money, if I am to-morrow to meet my obligations to Adam Hawke. You have set Hawke to put on the screws, after he had already promised me a renewal. You know that if I don't pay Hawke, I'll lose the *Meteor* by a forced sale—I'll lose more than I owe him; all the work, all the time, all the money I've sunk in the paper, and I'll have to start again."

His voice wavered, and he looked downward at his desk. There was more than all this at stake, more than he dared tell these men. The loss of the *Meteor*, the making of a new beginning, he might have borne; but in losing them, he must lose still more. There was Alice Denham. Without the *Meteor* clear, he had no claim upon her, he could not ask her to fulfill her promise; and, after baulking her father in his will, even the hope that is bred of despair must vanish.

He knew, though he did not look up, that Denham was watching him, confident of ultimate victory. He could not think, save that Alice was this moment within his reach; that if he let these papers pass out of his hands, he was free to come to her to-morrow and claim her, in fulfillment of a promise which she could not, and would not, break.

No man spoke; but Verney, still conscious of the capitalist's compelling gaze, drew forth the key, unlocked the drawer at his elbow, and produced the papers. He held them a moment with hands that shook.

"Thank you, Verney," said the senator, quietly. "I shall look these papers over; and if they aren't what I want, I'll return them to-morrow."

The young man smiled grimly. He knew that Denham was, in his patronizing way, striving to make disgrace the easier for him to bear; striving, perhaps, to save him in the eyes of the dear girl just outside the door, who must be hearing every word.

"You know that Hawke is squeezing me," he muttered dully. "You know that I must pay him to-morrow; that what you offer me is just what I must have. You know that if I cannot meet Hawke, I am ruined. You ask me to give you these papers, to take your money—and you know I have no alternative but to do it."

He hissed the words fiercely into the great man's face, and stretched out his hand with the papers. As he did so, the slide behind him shot open, and a grimy face appeared to view.

"Copy!" shouted a stentorian voice.

There came to him through the open slide the clatter of machines, the scent of printers' ink. He thought of Harrison, of old days and his own old dreams, of the cub reporter who had vowed that when his day came he would fight the people's battles, to the death if need be.

"Here, Tom!" he cried, and held out the papers.

Morrison interposed. Verney brushed him roughly aside.

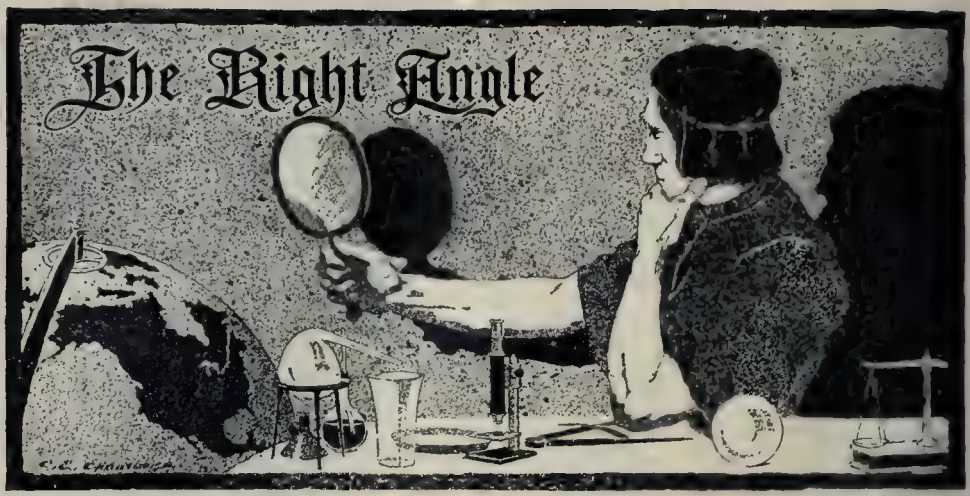
"Think a minute, Verney," protested the senator.

"You've got my answer," rejoined the editor firmly, and his hand clutched the slide as the man beyond it sought to throw it shut. "Those go on the front page, Tom," he cried.

The slide closed with a bang. White-faced, haggard, trembling as from a fever, Verney turned to the two angry men.

"Now, tell Hawke to come on," he said, grimly. "*The Meteor may be his to-morrow, but it's mine to-day.* I can begin at the beginning, as better men have done."

And then he glanced up, to see Alice standing in the doorway with hands outstretched and the love-light in her eyes.



YOURSELF—JONES

OF COURSE you are paramountly interested in yourself as yourself—your own life, your own future. But for a moment we want you to get outside your own private feelings, and be interested in yourself as Jones, a unit in the Canadian body politic, on whose success or failure depends in a certain measure the success of Canada.

Now, having observed yourself as Jones, multiply yourself by 98,995 and take another look. In 1910 there were 98,995 English Joneses just like you who came to Canada and became Canadian Joneses, and you, as a Jones, have an interest in their making a success of their lives for the sake of the country to which you belong.

If it were a question of your own bread-and-butter, you would not be likely to go to a new country without surety of employment there, or at least, a reasonable certainty that you could earn your living, would you? Yet that is what a great number of those 98,995 English-Canadian Joneses did last year, in spite of all that could be done to forewarn them against it. Superintendent of Immigration W. D. Scott, who knows more about his subject than any other man, says frankly, so far as immigrants from England are concerned, that "farmers, farm laborers and female domestic servants are the only people the Canadian Immigration Department advises to come to Canada. All others should have definite assurance of employment in Canada before leaving home." Not that Canada cannot use the artisan, the mechanic, the digger of ditches; but that the Englishman with a trade is not accustomed to the very different conditions of the new country, and does not know how to find himself a job immediately upon arrival.

Various plans have been discussed whereby the artisan or laborer of England may be enabled to come to Canada with a definite job at a definite rate of payment in view, but the simplest and most feasible plan that has yet come to the notice of CANADA MONTHLY is the "Emigration by Selection" plan proposed by T. W. Sheffield, of Regina, which suggests an Empire-wide Labor Bureau where records could be kept of men who want jobs and jobs that want men, and through which men in mass could be transferred across the Empire to the place where they are needed. Mr. W. D. Scott, in a letter to Mr. Sheffield, says that this plan, he believes, would prove of great advantage to Canada, bringing to the country only the men who are capable of taking care of themselves at once.

Canada wants the sturdy, determined type of English workmen who settled the western provinces forty years ago. Let them come in their millions; Canada can use them. British Columbia suffers from a perpetual dearth of labor; the new towns along

the railways are constantly advertising for carpenters, painters, bricklayers, liverymen, bakers, doctors—men of all professions and trades as well as the laboring classes; and for experienced farmers there are millions of Canadian acres waiting the plow.

Such a bureau as Mr. Sheffield suggests would make it possible for the Englishman to list himself, his qualifications and capital, in the mother country, and when a definite opening presented itself in Canada to come and take his place as an instantaneously useful and self-supporting citizen. Such "hand-picked immigration" would do Canada good and England credit, where much of the wholesale immigration of the past has done good neither to England, the Dominion, nor Jones.

TOM DALY'S MOVE

TOM DALY, the poet-business manager of the Catholic Standard and Times, hangs out in peaceful Philadelphia, and recently the Catholic Standard and Times, outgrowing its quarters, moved into new ones—large, spacious, commodious quarters.

During the process Tom's column in the paper had been, not to put too fine a point upon it, skinny. At last somebody protested, and got the following come-back:

I offer here a moving tale,
A simple but a moving tale,
Which may not altogether fail
In proving
How little room for poetry,
By any possibility,
By any chance at all could be,
In moving.

There'd be no need to sing this lay,
This moving lay, if—let us say—
Our business had been merely Sta-
Tionery;
But when the circulation jumps,
And advertising comes in lumps.
And trade in general humps the humps—

Say, (let me ask you in cold hard prose) if we were to sit still in our old narrow quarters, wouldn't we

Be very weak and foolish chumps?
O! very!

And, let me ask you, if you were
The paper's business manager,
Mixed up in all this rush and stir
And pother;
If you were nearly worked to death,
And haggard, lean and out of breath,
And—

Say, if you had to find the new site and haggle with the owner and dig up the money to buy the property and be a real financier and prod the real estate man to get the papers through and plan the alterations and interview carpenters painters plasterers electricians plumbers bricklayers and the like and meantime get the paper out each week and then when it came to the moving and everybody was in everybody else's way and everything was going wrong and you had to turn in and do everything yourself and you finally found yourself walking across Washington Square with a ten-ton web-perfecting press in one hand, do you think you could turn out a ten-canto epic,

Or even one good couplet with
The other?

If there is anybody who doubts, let him come forth. The vision of Tom Daly crossing Washington Square and suddenly coming out of serious meditations on whether the main office ought to be furnished in mahogany or circassian walnut to realize the presence of the ten-ton web-perfecting press and reflect that he might just as well have got one of the boys to carry it over is entirely too good not to be true. If there is a doubter, "to the wars wid him," as Tom himself would say.

IN THE TOBACCO-DRAWER

THEY lay at the back of the drawer for a long while, a pair of gray buckskin gauntlets, worn a little from the reins but still soft and pliable as when they first came over the Hudson Bay Company's counter.

They had been up beyond Prince Albert, those gauntlets, one long midsummer night when two of us took horse and navigated over the corduroy road to a lumber-jacks' shanty where a Saturday night dance was in progress.

That rough interior is stamped indelibly in memory as it looked from the low doorway. Smoky lamps flared on the mud-chinked log walls, rough bearded faces and bulky kersey knees were thrust forward from the benches that lined the room, great hairy hands patted juba in rhythmical cadence, and in the centre of the earthen floor a huge, bull-muscled man was doing a buck-and-wing. Across the room a handsome half-breed girl watched him with

eyes like smouldering coals, and when the dance ended, the man went back to the vacant place at her side.

There was a young fellow, too, among that reeking crowd, a boy with a voice as sweet and true as a meadow-lark's, who sent a limpid silver stream of sound thrilling up like a wandering bird-song through the smoky air. And the gauntlets were thrown on one of the benches, and it was not until the dance was over and the first pale grayness glimmered doubtfully behind the pines that they were again put on.

They were out beyond Edmonton, too, where the wolf-willows fringe the creeks and turn silver-gray sides to the chinook wind; and this summer they went along on a hike through the pine-woods, and were rolled up inside the coat that served as a pillow when the balsam-boughs were spread and one listened to the tiny noises of the night for a few delicious moments before sleep overtook one.

The other morning it was chilly. A bit of a cold wind with the tang of fall in it came around the corner and nipped unwary ears. In the park brown leaves lay among the close-cut clover, and rainpools along the roadway reflected the sharp blue of the sky. And suddenly again I saw the pine-woods country, scarlet and gold with autumn, scented with brush-fires; saw the converging logs of the camp-fire with the bed of coals glowing between them; smelt the bacon frying; and heard the partridge whirr up from the fallen leaves.

The gray gauntlets lie in the front of the tobacco-drawer now, where I can see them whenever I fill my pipe. There's a sort of kinship between us.

WITH SAM McKELVIE—STORY TELLER

SAM McKELVIE isn't big or young or handsome, but just the same, you love him at first sight, from his unpressed trouser-hems to his quaint old-fashioned neck-tie and the shrewd kindly eyes that twinkle at you when he says "How are you?" The crease in his trousers doesn't matter, for his eyes are right and his voice is right and his heart is in the right place—until it comes to a horse-trade.

He was with us on the editors' party this summer, and before we'd been out of Winnipeg twenty-four hours he was "Dad" to all of the men. Most of the way he told us stories, good stories that we hadn't heard before. He didn't have Shanks' infectious laugh, nor as many suits of underclothes—putting on fancy garments came to be known as "Shanksing up" on that trip—but his soberly recounted sagas of swappings got us every time.

We were loafing in the observation-car one long Saskatchewan twilight, when somebody said something that started "Dad" with a "That reminds me——"

Now, Dad is an authority on hog-culture—not the kind the Winnipeg street cars specialize in, but the Smooth Type Poland-China indigenous to Nebrasky—and he is as wise as Solomon on anything that grunts and wiggles a curly tail. But when it comes to fancy setter-dogs, why, he's only human; and so when a life-long friend of his talked setter-dog to him he got injudiciously interested, and finally agreed to buy a setter pup of miraculous qualities, unsight-unseen.

The dog arrived. "Dad" took one look at the forlorn little tail that drooped limply out between the slats of the crate, sucked in his lower lip and retired to the house.

"We-ll, y' don't say anything much in a case like that," he told us, with a humourous twist to his eyebrows. "I'd sold Jim a pony once, years ago, an' I figured Jim hadn't forgot it any more than I had. So I just sat down an' wrote him askin' him why he hadn't sent the pedigree by freight and the dog by mail, an' let it go at that. An' we were friends, o' course, just the same as we'd always been. Still, I was turnin' things over in my mind."

"Hogs," said somebody in a sepulchral, prophetic sort of voice, and "Dad" rolled one eye in his direction.

"We-ll, Jim knew I knew more about hogs than he did, and he was almighty shy. But I saved up for him, an' I got him." "Dad" mused for a minute, with a purely secular glint in his eye. Suddenly he looked up and grinned like a mischievous boy. "The hog

died the next day," he concluded.

Something came up about cyclones later on, and he promptly unburdened himself of the story of the Nebraska wall.

"Fellow was driving along a road in Nebraska, pretty close to the Kansas line," he said, "when he came across another man building a wall three feet high and five feet thick. That struck Driver as queer, and he pulled up his team, and, 'What's your idea, neighbor?' he says. Builder he goes right along building, but he kindo' grins. 'Well,' says he, 'once in awhile we have a little piece o' wind in this country. Down in Kansas I s'pose you'd call 'em cyclones, but we jes' call 'em wind. I'm figurin' that after I git this wall built they'll come along one o' them breezes an' blow it over on its side, an' I'm buildin' it so's it'll be right in the end,' he says, 'five feet high and three feet thick.' "

GOING UP IN WINNIPEG

BR-R-RT-T-T-T-T! The rivetter is at work. Red and stark the tall steel framework of the latest sky-scraper stands up at the street's end against the windy blue, and the furious genie of the pneumatic hammer rages in its heart, joining steel to steel.

There is always a fringe of curious onlookers about a new building, a fringe made up mostly of that leisure class which belongs by rights to the bar-room's side door and the alley; and augmented by that essentially curious and essentially irresponsible human, the errand-boy, who sets down three "rush" packages and drapes himself over a convenient railing until such time as he is weary of the spectacle before him.

But something more than ordinary is happening over there among the planks and stone-dust now, and the fringe is growing to a group. In the street there lies a huge girder, prostrate among the coils of a wire cable that runs up, up, over the cornice and out of sight like a gigantic tentacle. A god in greasy overalls makes the end of the cable fast about the supine giant, and poises easily upon it, one hand gripping the rope.

"All right there, Bill?" demands somebody back in the mysterious dimness that will eventually be the main floor.

"Let 'er go," responds the god easily, and the errand-boys palpably envy him.

"Ding!" barks the engine bell in sharp staccato. "Look out, there," says the somebody unseen, and slowly, majestically, the big girder rises from the ground, Mercury—for beyond doubt it is he, although his dusty old brogans show no visible wings—still poised jauntily. Mercury is Irish.

The group has grown to a very respectable crowd, quite enough for a politician to address, and, if they had been Indians in the old days, enough for an enterprising editor to make into a war. Business men stop on their way for a moment, hurrying stenographers walk slowly, looking backward like Lot's wife, and even the eager shoppers pause to stare at the big bar of steel, up to the fifth story now, with Mercury looking somewhat smaller than he was, and the girder swaying a little like a blind thing feeling its way. Still it goes upward.

"Ding! ding!"

It is at the top now. Somebody—another god, doubtless—reaches out and between him and Mercury, aided with sharp rings of the bell and a little neat juggling on the part of the engineer, the giant is nursed into his resting place. Easy there—a little more! With a click the girder settles into its exact notches, and Mercury disappears. The crowd scatters with the prompt decision of city folk who are used to regarding time as money, leaving only the ragged—the very ragged—fringe. The last errand-boy looks distastefully at his packages, slowly climbs off the railing, looks up at that high eyrie where Mercury has vanished, and spits through a cherished hole in his front teeth.

'Gee! It must be swell up there!" he says at last, and lifting his load, goes on his way.

It is not necessary, after all, that Olympus be more than ten stories up.

BUT THINK OF THE GIRAFFE

IN her pretty new frock Sister Mabel felt quite proud as she sat on the front step and watched some boys playing on the sidewalk.

After a time one little boy came to talk to her and to admire, in his rough little way, her bright, shiny shoes and pink sash.

"See my nice little square-cut waist," she crowed, "and my nice coral beads! Don't you wish you wuz a girl?"

"No, sir-ee," replied the boy. "I wouldn't want to be any girl at all, because lookie how much more neck you have to wash."

CAUSE FOR MANSLAUGHTER

THIS story is blamed on Scamp Montgomery at the Friars' Club. Mr. Montgomery alleges that the story as he relates it, actually happened. Mr. Montgomery and his statement are offered without prejudice.

"A man had just been released from the penitentiary," said Mr. Montgomery, "and the first place he headed for was a barber shop. He wanted to get the traces of his prison made hair cut rubbed down smooth. The barber spotted him in a minute.

" 'Just out, hey?' said the barber.

" 'Yes,' said the customer. 'And I'm in a hurry. Give me a hair-cut and a shave, and do it quick.'

" 'How long have you been in?'

" 'Four years,' said the ex-prisoner. 'Hurry.'

" 'How did you like it?'

" 'Pretty good. Hurry.'

" 'Have to work hard?'

" 'Never mind. Hurry.'

" 'Four years,' said the barber, pausing to look romantically out of the window. 'And me at liberty every blame minute, goin' hither an' yon, as you might say, and stayin' up all night if I wanted to, and runnin' down town to take in a show. Gee! Four years. That's sure tough luck. What was you in for?'

" 'For killing a jackass of a barber,' howled the customer. 'And I'm on my way back.' "

A LITTLE MORE OF THE SAME

"There's many a true word spoken by accident," said F. Hopkinson Smith, the noted author and artist.

"You've heard about 'music and singing,' 'culture and women's clubs,' 'love and marriage' and so on. Well, I saw an amusing example the other day. I dropped in at a picture sale that wasn't going very enthusiastically. The auctioneer displayed a a daub and said:

" 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, what am I offered for this superb Velasquez, probably the best Velasquez that ever came from the master's hand?'

" There were no bids whatever, so the auctioneer took up another picture.

" 'Very well, ladies and gentlemen,' he went on, 'I now offer you a Titian by the same artist'."